

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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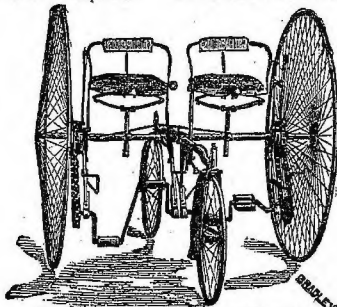
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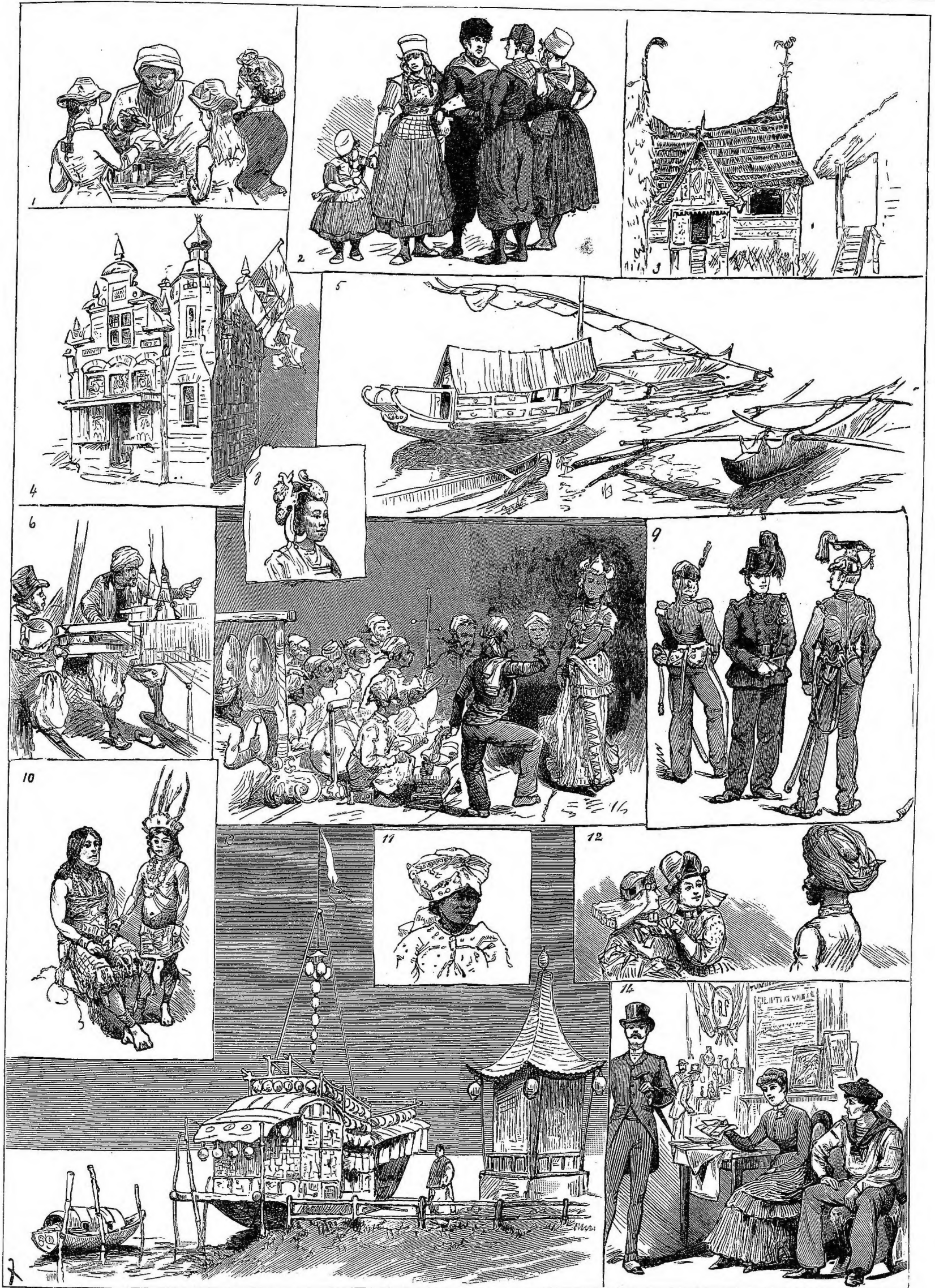
THE GRAPHIC

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No. 725.—VOL. XXVIII.
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SOME STRAY NOTES AT THE AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION

Topics of the Week

THE REFORM CONFERENCE AT LEEDS.—So far from being an unchangeable entity, the British Constitution is in a perpetual state of flux. It was altered in 1832 and 1867, and it will probably be altered again in 1884. Our reformers, of course, can give a good reason for this. It is the British habit, they say, to proceed cautiously and tentatively. The result is that the work, when once done, has not, as sometimes happens in France, to be undone. We do not jump rashly into universal suffrage, and then creep back affrighted into despotism. Nevertheless, while admitting the force of these arguments in favour of a gradual disintegration of the Constitution, there are not a few quiet people who will be glad when the process is completed, and when the lowest depth (if they are Tories) or the greatest height (if they are Radicals) has been reached. The main proposal of the Leeds delegates—namely, that the County Franchise should be assimilated to the Borough Franchise—ought in itself to arouse no serious opposition. It is, in fact, merely the crowning of the electoral edifice which Mr. Disraeli designed in 1867. In theory everybody admits that the rural labourer is quite as deserving of a vote as the town lodger. He may be less acute intellectually, but he is more of a citizen (in the broad sense of the word), and he has more stake in the country, than the man whom the necessities of his avocation may cause to shift his quarters at a few days' notice. For two reasons, however, Hodge has been left out in the cold. First, because he is a quiet fellow, who does not flourish a shillelagh in Mr. Gladstone's face—a kind of argument which makes a great impression on our excellent Premier. Secondly, because to give Hodge a vote would necessitate a redistribution of seats. Surrounded by the ocean of an immense county electorate, the small boroughs would look more than ever like privileged islands. The conclusion is that, when Hodge gets his rights, the small boroughs must be extinguished. Out of this, however, a great controversy is likely to arise. Shall the assimilation of the borough and county suffrage and the redistribution of seats be simultaneous; or shall the latter operation be left to the verdict of a new Parliament? Some of the more enthusiastic Radicals would prefer delay, because they believe that the redistribution would be more thoroughly done by a House of Commons chosen on a wider basis than the present; but, on the other hand, it would be an enormous boon to get rid of the whole question for once and all at a single operation. The Conservatives, too, if they are as wise in their generation as was their late chief, will do well to facilitate, rather than to thwart, a change which must come before long. That the Millennium will be ushered in by these reforms is unlikely, but, at all events, it will no longer be possible to assert that the voice of the people is not distinctly audible in the House of Commons.

"DISINTEGRATION."—If the article with this title in the *Quarterly Review* really represents the opinions of the Tory party, it is not at all surprising that Conservatism makes comparatively little way in the country. The writer does not confine himself to the discussion of particular Liberal measures; he condemns the whole tendency of political progress during the last hundred years. His ideal State, apparently, is one in which the position of a Minister would be secure "from the sudden revulsions of feeling in the House of Commons," while his action would be "effectively controlled by the vigorous power of the aristocracy and of the Crown." Now, can it be truly said that when the English people possessed such a political system as this they were happier and more prosperous than they are now? They themselves did not seem to think that the Constitution was perfect, for before the passing of the first Reform Bill popular discontent brought the country to the verge of revolution. Moreover, the old methods led to the loss of the American colonies; so that "disintegration," if it is one of the dangers against which we have to be on our guard at present, is not a danger which can arise only through the triumph of democracy. It is much to be regretted that Conservatives should waste their strength in arguing for political ideas which England has obviously finally abandoned. Many Liberals admit that a time is approaching when Conservatives may do excellent service to the State. Extravagant schemes are "in the air," and even their supporters would profit by fair and temperate criticism. If Conservatives turn aside from the problems of their own day, and agitate for the revival of impossible principles of government, they will lose all control over the democratic movement, and sink to the position of the reactionary parties in France. Fortunately, there is no reason to suppose that the *Quarterly Review* expresses the mind of the majority of the Conservative party. Sir Stafford Northcote is their real leader, and he is a moderate Liberal rather than a Tory of the old school.

ASSIZES AND SENTENCES.—The autumn assizes are coming, and bring the reflection that these institutions are no longer what they used to be. We believe that Newcastle still presents "dagger money"—that is, a *carolus* and a *jacobus*—to the judges; and the sheriffs still have to provide carriages

with four horses, javelin men, and hospitable board for their lordships who come to make a gaol delivery. But the Bar messes now complain that the most eminent counsel rush off by express trains as soon as they are no longer wanted in the Courts, and that there is in fact a general tendency to hurry through business which used in old days to be performed with no squeamish consideration whatever as to waste of time. Cases have even been cited—and with some disgust—by Bar juniors in which leaders have risen from the mess table after the cheese to go and study their briefs, instead of staying to take part in the mock trials which used to be so enjoyable to those jolly dogs of the Bar who somehow never make such good use of their tongues in Court as out of it. In one feature, however, the Assizes remain to this day what they always were, and that is in the unintelligible principle on which sentences are awarded to evil-doers. A judge to whom this remark was made answered that the public, who form their opinion of a case from newspaper reports, seldom get the full evidence on which judges act. This is true; and we are not to suppose that sentences are at present distributed in the haphazard fashion described in that now little-read book, "Gilbert Gurney." At the same time Assize reports ought to give the public some clear notions as to the penalties attaching to this or that offence; and since they fail to do this an opinion is apt to prevail that the punishment which a prisoner has to expect depends very much on the character, temper, and hobbies of the judge who tries him. If this be really the case the thing is to be regretted, and it might be wished that something like an unwritten law should be promulgated among the judges to introduce harmony into their decisions. The ends of justice are mis-served if people are led to think that personal feelings, whims, or caprice can have any influence in dictating sentences.

CAB LAW.—The Amalgamated Cab-Drivers' Association have drafted a Cab Act, which they hope to introduce into Parliament, if not to pass, next Session, and which will serve, at any rate, to call public attention to their various grievances. The proposed reforms are of a moderate character, and deserve serious attention. One change especially meets with our approval. It is that the jurisdiction over cabmen should be transferred from the police to a special Board of Control, and that all offences under the Act should be deemed of a civil character, and punishable by fine only. Of course such breaches of the law as drunkenness, over-driving, and assaults are not included in the above, but will be criminally punishable as heretofore. The fact is that hitherto the law has treated the cabman as a probable blackguard, with the result of very often making him a blackguard. No other presumably honest person is so harassed by one-sided regulations, or so chivied about by the police. For example, as between hirer and driver, the law presumes the hirer to be a nice, fair-dealing creature, and the driver to be a probable extortionist. In real life it is often just the other way, for the hirer sometimes proves to be a swindler, whom the driver has the greatest trouble in bringing to book. We fully believe that a change in the law in this direction, as proposed by the Association, will give the public a higher, and therefore a less extortionate, class of drivers. We are less willing to accept the proposition that the number of licences should be limited. It is safer to leave the number of vehicles to be regulated by the infallible laws of supply and demand. If there are really more cabmen about the streets at present than can earn a proper living (and this seems proved by the quantity of "crawlers" daily to be seen), the real remedy is for the cabmasters to withdraw some of their vehicles, or to let them to the drivers at a lower tariff. Great complaints are made of the railway omnibus competition, and also of the privileged station cabs. But it is only fair to tell the cabmen plumply and plainly that their tendency to demand more than their legal fare is the chief reason why they are slackly employed. A Californian wrote to the *Times* the other day to say that he was habitually overcharged by the hansom drivers. This is the experience, not only of foreigners and provincials, but also of Londoners; and hence thousands of persons (especially ladies) abstain as much as possible from a harmless luxury in which otherwise they would often like to indulge.

M. JULES FERRY.—Much excitement has been produced in France by M. Jules Ferry's speeches in Normandy. Moderate Republicans have been hailing him as a kind of Saviour of Society, while Radicals seem to be of opinion that he is about to violate most of the pledges by which he has attained his present position. After all, however, it remains to be seen what M. Ferry precisely meant by his ostentatious proclamation of moderate principles. He took care not to commit himself to any very definite statements as to his future policy, and it is not impossible that in denouncing extreme politicians he was thinking rather of Irreconcilables than of the party of which M. Clémenceau may be regarded as the leading representative. Hitherto, M. Ferry has certainly not been a particularly moderate statesman, and it is difficult to believe that he intends now to begin a wholly new career. If this were his intention, he would probably soon find it necessary to return to his earlier methods; for there is no sign that a really moderate Prime Minister would be able to command a trustworthy majority. It is true that in France, as in most other countries, the mass of the people object to violent measures; but they oppose such measures

languidly. They do not care much about politics, and there are millions of electors who will not even take the trouble to record their votes in favour of representatives whose ideas they support. On the other hand, Radicals are enthusiastic politicians, and do not hesitate to make considerable sacrifices in order to secure the triumph of their cause. Moreover, they can always weaken, if not overthrow, a Ministry by combining with the Monarchists and the Imperialists. M. Ferry can hardly, therefore, afford to brask with them altogether; and we may be tolerably sure that he will try to show by-and-by that at heart he is still as genuine a Radical as he ever was. In one respect he is very much less prudent than the Radicals, who severely condemn the rashness of his foreign policy.

MUSIC HALLS.—The Licensing Sessions lead annually to much disputing between the opponents of music-halls and the patrons of these places, but it is a pity that the plain truth about houses of popular entertainment should not be more freely spoken than it generally is. It is certainly hard that when the proprietor of a music-hall has embarked a large sum of money in his property he should be exposed to ruin because some singer has introduced a piece of disreputable "gag" into a song, or because, through no fault of his own, his hall has become once or twice the scene of tipsy disorders; on the other hand, it is equally hard on the magistrates that they should often be compelled by public opinion to license places which they know to be objectionable in every way. The Middlesex magistrates discharge their duties with judgment, but their position is one of great difficulty. If they cancel the licence of any well-known music-hall an outcry is raised against them; if, on the contrary, they renew the licence of a house which they know to be a place of demoralising influences, they must feel dissatisfied at having been compelled to do this. It is nonsense to talk of music-halls, even when well conducted, according to the conventional view of good conduct, as harmless. A visit to any one of them will convince the least censorious person that the prevailing tone of the songs heard there is vulgar, and that the dispositions of the audiences are coarse. But the fault of this seems to lie in a measure with the present laws which regulate the performance of stage plays, and make it difficult for music-hall proprietors to provide proper entertainments. There would be no excuse for foolish and semi-ribald songs if an alteration in the law enabled any man, on payment of a moderate fee for a licence, to bring out any plays approved by the Lord Chamberlain's office. Magistrates cannot be as severe as respectable people would desire them to be so long as music-hall proprietors are practically forced to fill their programmes with songs, and short dialogues which are intentionally plotless, lest they should be classed under the denomination of stage plays.

NEGRO REPUBLICS.—A revolution in Hayti is no strange phenomenon; it is a form of disturbance as likely to occur in the political annals of the island as a hurricane or earthquake in its physical annals. The chief point of importance for the outer world is that an island which in actual richness and fertility is only exceeded by Cuba should be so barren and unproductive. The reason of course is that it is sadly mismanaged by the French and Spanish half-castes and negroes who divide the island between them into the two Republics of Hayti and San Domingo. This same mismanagement, it should be noted, exists in a greater or less degree over the whole vast continental region which lies between the southern boundary of the United States and Cape Horn. The two most notable exceptions, perhaps, are Brazil and Chili. The former is ruled by a Constitutional Emperor; the latter is inhabited by a race who are spurred to exertion by a cooler climate, and who have less negro and Indian blood in their veins than the so-called Spaniards of the other ex-colonies. The conclusion is thus reached that there are three chief causes for the misgovernment which prevails in most of the possessions which once belonged to Spain, but which is manifested in its most acute form in Hayti. These are heat, niggerishness, and republicanism. The two former cannot be got rid of, but the republicanism might be modified. These worthy Haytians have a beautiful Constitution—on paper, but they don't seem able to manage it. The army arrogates to itself the functions of the Prætorian Guard under the Roman Empire, it selects the Presidents, and these Presidents, like the Roman Emperors, are apt to come to unpleasant ends. Indeed, the system is so absurdly like that of the later Empire, that if the great Octavius (afterwards Augustus Cæsar) could have foreseen that a race of niggers would rise up in imitation of him and his lineage, he would have exclaimed, "I decline the dignity of Imperator, let us stick to the Consuls and the S. P. Q. R.!"

RELIGION IN SCHOOLS.—The Dean of Bangor seems to be as ardent an opponent of what he calls "non-religious instruction" in schools as of excessive tea-drinking. The other day he fulminated against the policy of School Boards with regard to religion, declaring that it was "a policy full of danger to the nation," and that it "would receive the condemnation of posterity." There can be no doubt that in talking thus he expressed a very common opinion; but do not he and those who agree with him greatly over-rate the effect produced by the only kind of religious instruction that can be given by ordinary schoolmasters and school-

mistresses? Religious lessons at school are necessarily of a purely formal character, and children are not likely to have agreeable associations with religion when it is forced upon their attention, frequently very much against their will. Parents and clergymen are able to deal with the subject in a very different spirit, and it is hard to understand why the duty of teaching it should not be left to them exclusively. If this were done, it would not follow that schools would have an anti-religious bias. Geography and grammar do not exercise an irreligious influence when they cease to be taught in association with the Catechism; and if a schoolmaster is a religious man he has ample opportunity for commending his creed to his pupils by the manner in which he discharges his proper functions. At present it often happens that parents and clergymen pay little attention to the religious education of boys and girls. They would be less indifferent, perhaps, if they knew that the work would not be done at all unless it were done by themselves.

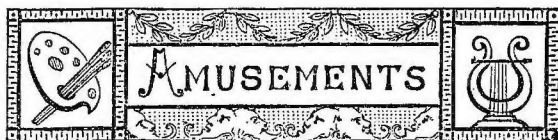
FOOTBALL.—The game of football has its annual martyrology, and between October and April we are sure to hear of broken legs and collar-bones, and sometimes of violent deaths. There is nothing to say against the manner in which matches between well-known clubs are conducted, for in these contests the players on the two sides are generally of about the same ages and weights. But this is not the case in public school games, where the really cruel custom still prevails of making small boys play with big lads verging on manhood. The Big-side matches at Rugby and the House-games at Eton bring nothing but misery to little fellows who have to trot about in a listless fashion with hardly a chance of touching the ball during an hour's play. The most plucky youngsters make occasional charges at the ball, get knocked head over heels by their elders, and derive no doubt a sort of satisfaction from being complimented on their valour; but this is not football playing. Mr. Algernon Swinburne, when a Lower Boy at Eton, used to tell his contemporaries that he saw no sense in being made to spend his "after twelve" in obstructing "bigger fellows who wanted to bully a ball between two goal sticks," and the poet's experiences are those of many Lower Boys to this day. Small boys enjoy a game with their equals as much as bigger boys do with theirs; but the small boy is an obstacle in the company of lads several years older than himself, and no good purpose is served by making him play—or rather pretend to play—under such conditions. It would seem inglorious to good cricketers of eighteen to play a match against an eleven of their fags; why should it be thought more seemly to make fags join a game in which age, physical strength, and weight count for much more than they do in cricket?

THE FRENCH VINTAGE.—Messrs. Gilbey inform us that the vintage in France—at all events, in the Bordeaux district—is likely to be better than for some years past. This ought to rejoice the hearts of all light-wine drinkers, a class who have of late years increased greatly in numbers. It is not that they may hope for reduced prices, but for a purer beverage. Since the *phylloxera* first began its ravages, mixing and adulteration have assumed vast dimensions. Not only have great quantities of Spanish and Italian wines been imported into France, mingled with the native produce, and then shipped for this country as genuine French claret, but a great deal of stuff is exported which is really not wine at all. You may sip your dinner claret, and admire its ruddy hue in the sparkling goblet, and yet be drinking something which has not a drop of grape-juice in it. Improved chemical skill, the losses wrought by insect-plagues, and, it is to be feared, a determination to make money, honestly, if possible, but if not, dishonestly, have contributed to this deterioration of an article which used to be one of the especial glories of France. French brandy has also fallen from its ancient repute, casks of potato-spirit are brought from Hamburg to London, are then carried to Bordeaux, and are then transhipped for Charente, the Charentais preferring to pay extra freight rather than incur the odium of importing direct this perilous stuff, which is intended for the adulteration of their local staple. One practical conclusion which we draw from these facts is that the alcoholic standard should be modified. The wines of Spain, Italy, and Australia are unfairly weighted in the race against France by the half-crown duty which they pay (in lieu of a shilling) by virtue of their greater alcoholic strength.

CETEWAYO.—The English Government has little reason to congratulate itself on the manner in which it has dealt with Cetewayo. There was no very urgent reason why he should be restored to Zululand; but he ought at least to have been sent back under conditions that would have made his success possible. The most elaborate precautions were taken to render his task impracticable. He was not permitted to collect an adequate force for the protection of his territory, while nothing was done to prevent his rival, Usibepu, from bringing together a powerful army. The result is that the unfortunate Cetewayo is once more in our hands, and the affairs of Zululand are in a more confused state than ever. Cetewayo demands that all the circumstances of his defeat and humiliation shall be thoroughly investigated, but, whatever inquiries may be made, he can hardly hope to profit by them. The fault may lie with England rather than with him; but a second restoration would certainly not be a dignified proceeding, and we may

doubt whether he would now be able, even with our aid, to command the loyalty of his former subjects. There is not much fear that Lord Derby will act in the matter with undue haste, and for once his hesitating temper is likely to be of advantage; for England's true policy is evidently to leave the Zulus as much as possible to themselves. If Usibepu extends his sway over the country, he will probably be as good a King as Cetewayo has ever been. On the other hand, if he is really unpopular, England can have no adequate motive for forbidding his enemies to combine against him. By a meddling policy we have caused nothing but disaster to the Zulus and annoyance to ourselves; let us try at last the easy plan of abstaining from interference with matters in which we are not directly concerned.

TRADE LIES.—So many people drink milk now in place of more potent beverages that considerable uneasiness must have been caused by Mr. Shirley Murphy's able and exhaustive report on the causes of the recent outbreak of fever in St. Pancras. It is startling to hear that defective drainage on a single farm may poison all the milk supplied to several London dairies, and produce an epidemic which will be fatal to scores of persons. In this milk case, however, there was no evil intent on anybody's part; but what are we to say of the retailer who has invented the euphemism of "Trade Lies" as an excuse for selling tins of diseased meat which he declared to be wholesome? If we looked closely into the matter, we might discover that many trades have their lies tending to pass off bad goods as excellent; but mendacity deserves no mitigating epithet when it helps to spread poisonous eatables. It was a Trade Lie which palmed off the gross of green spectacles on Goldsmith's Moses; but this episode in "The Vicar of Wakefield" would not read so comically as it does if, instead of spectacles, Moses had bought a quantity of provisions which bred fever, or worse, among all his relations and acquaintances. We hear a good deal about the stress of business competition; but that form of competitive activity which stimulates a tradesman to poison his contemporaries for a profit of twopence should be repressed with severer penalties than the Law enacts at present. When sanitary rules get to be more generally understood, public opinion will allow of no difference between the adulterator and the man who scatters firebrands; or, if difference there be, it will not be in the adulterator's favour. Meanwhile, "Trade Lie" must be classed among those ingenious sayings which both the philologist and the moralist may note. A curious mental condition is conjured up when we reflect that perhaps the man who tells a Trade Lie to the injury of a confiding customer's health might indignantly repudiate the suspicion that he could tell one of those ordinary lies which are popularly supposed to break no bones.



MR. WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL, ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY, Oct. 22, at half-past Three. Programme consists of Pianoforte Works by Franz Liszt (born Oct. 22, 1811). Vocalist, Miss Ambler. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane Square.—Lessees and Managers, Mr. JOHN CLAYTON and Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.—THIS EVENING, at 8, a New Play, entitled *THE MILLIONAIRE*, by G. W. Goldrey, Author of "The Parvenu," &c. Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, Miss H. Lindley, and Miss Marion Terry; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Sugden, and Mr. John Clayton.—Box Office hours 11 till 5. Doors open at 7.40.—MORNING PERFORMANCES OF *THE MILLIONAIRE* to-day, SATURDAY, October 20, and Saturday next, October 27, at 2.30.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Managers, Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAM.—TREASURE TROVE, by Arthur Law, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Stalls, 5s. and 3s. Admission 2s. and 1s. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8, Thursday and Saturday at 9. GEORGE'S HALL, LANCASHIRE ST. A New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Gram, entitled *ON THE THAMES*, concluding with a New Second Part, entitled *A WATER CURE*, by Arnold Felix, music by George Gear.

NATIONAL PANORAMA, YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER. Opposite St. James's Park Station. PANORAMA OF "THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR," By the Celebrated Painter, Olivier Picbat. Open daily 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Admission 1s.; Fridays, 2s. 6d.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON. Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 2s. 6d., including Pullman Car; available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train or by any later Train.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these trains only.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion).

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE. VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. Cheap Express Service every Weeknight, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s. Powerful Paddle Steamers, with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c. "Tourist" Tickets are issued, enabling the holder to visit All the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "THE RIVALS," from the picture by E. K. Johnson, exhibited in the Graphic Gallery of Animal Paintings.



NOTES AT THE AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION

THE International Exhibition at Amsterdam, which closes this month, has been a noteworthy success. Apart from the usual exhibits common to World's Fairs in every country, there has been for the first time a complete display of the products and manufactures of the Dutch East Indies, which was organised with much thought and care, and has attracted universal attention. England makes a very poor show indeed, while France, on the contrary, has contributed a singularly extensive and well-arranged section. Of our illustrations, which are from sketches by Mr. J. Hoynek, No. 1 represents a Turkish merchant selling one of the stock wares of the East—perfumes. Every purchaser, moreover, is presented with a few drops of rosewater on his—or more frequently her—handkerchief. No. 2 depicts visitors from the little island of Marken, in the Zuider Zee, in their picturesque costume, which is one of the few which have not been influenced by the more modern fashions of the townspeople. The little girl's dress is a perfect copy of her mother's. In Nos. 3 and 5 we see houses and boats from the Dutch Colonies in the East Indies. They were sent over by the Government. Together with them came a number of Javanese natives, with their goods and chattels and their live stock, so that an idea could be gathered of a genuine East Indian village. No. 4 shows a little building in the Dutch Renaissance style, where fragrant *anisset* and other liqueurs are sold. The shop, with its old fireplace, is a fair specimen of an interior of 300 years since. No. 6 is a sketch in the Tunisian building, and shows a man weaving, while No. 4 transports us again to the East Indies, and shows us the Javanese Gamelan, or dramatic dance. This has formed one of the chief attractions of the exhibition, and the weird and monotonous movements to the strange music of the native orchestra have attracted much attention. One of the female dancers, with her peculiar silver head-gear, is shown in No. 8. The next sketch depicts three soldiers on duty in the Belgian section—a Lancer, a Rifleman, and a Gunner. In addition to the inhabitants of the Indies, numerous natives were imported from the Dutch colony in Guiana, South America—Indians and negroes—all of whom lived together in a large enclosure, their huts and boats being in the centre. Thus No. 10 shows an Indian woman and child; while in the next sketch is a young negress, in a brightly-coloured dress and cap. The native from British India, on duty in the British Colonial Department (No. 12), and the two peasant women from North Holland are admiring each others' caps. China, besides her gallery exhibits, has sent a beautiful little vessel (13), adorned with many lamps, and on board of which tea is offered to visitors. "The young girl in my fourteenth sketch," writes our artist, "has to sell newspapers, and sits behind her table all day long. No wonder that when she can she will flirt with the visitors, and even with the sailors who take care of the French Exhibition."

REMOVAL OF HARVEY'S REMAINS

WILLIAM HARVEY, the eminent physician and discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was born at Folkestone, according to the older authorities, April 2nd, 1569. The inscription, however, on the monument, which we describe further on, gives the date as 1578, and it may be presumed that this date is the result of careful investigation. He was educated at Canterbury Grammar School and Caius College, Cambridge, and afterwards studied medicine in France, Germany, and Italy. On his return to England he took his M.D. degree at Cambridge, settled to practise in London, and married. In 1607 he became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and in 1615 he was appointed Lecturer in Anatomy and Surgery to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. His great discovery was made public in a book published at Frankfurt in 1628. He was Physician in Ordinary to King James I. and to King Charles I., and was present with the latter at the Battle of Edgehill. Harvey's discovery, by offending the prejudices of men of education and intellect—his professional compeers—caused him at first to fare no better than Galileo in Italy, but his merits were fully recognised in his later years by his medical brethren, who placed a marble bust of him in the hall at St. Bartholomew's. "The portrait by Cornelius Jansen in the apartments of the Royal College of Physicians," says the late Charles Knight in his "Old England," "is in itself a revelation of human suffering and fortitude, such as it seldom falls to the lot of painter to bequeath to the world." Harvey died in 1657, and was buried in the chapel of Hempstead, near Saffron Walden, Essex, a monument with a Latin inscription being erected over his grave.

The ceremony of the removal of the remains to the new tomb was not to take place till Thursday, the 18th inst., the feast of St. Luke, "the beloved physician," too late for our present issue, but a few details will be of interest.

The remains of Harvey have been for 226 years in a vault underneath the church, enclosed in a leaden shell, which, like some of the coffins of antiquity, takes the general outline of the recumbent form. The upper portion shows the rude semblance of a head and face, with traceries of mouth, nose, and eyes. To right and left of it were placed similar shells, containing the bodies of other persons bearing the family name. The coffin containing the remains of the famous physician was to be placed in a solid block cut out of a sarcophagus which had been designed to receive them. This sarcophagus has a bottom base, eight feet by four feet, on which is a moulding supporting the above-mentioned block, which is panelled all round. At the end facing the choir the panel has engraved upon it

WILLIAM HARVEY,
Born 1578. Died 1657.

and on the side panel:

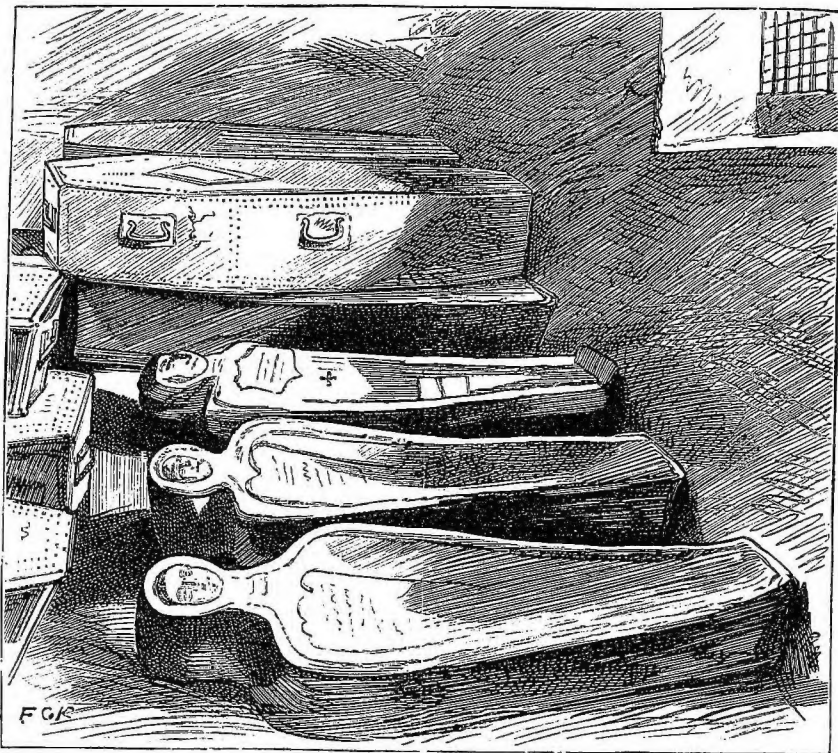
The remains of William Harvey, Discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood, were reverentially placed in this Sarcophagus by the Royal College of Physicians in the year 1883.

Above there is a moulding supporting a pedimental ledger, covering the whole. The monument, which is of the best white Sicilian marble, has been designed and executed by Messrs. G. Maile and Son, 367, Euston Road, W.

At the western end of the church there is a building which is almost detached from it. This is the Harvey Chapel, underneath which is the vault built by Eliab Harvey, brother to the great Harvey. On a wall inside the church there is a marble tablet to Harvey.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE IN ULSTER

LARNE is a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, on the coast of Antrim, and at the mouth of the Lough of Larne, which forms a convenient harbour. (The term "lough" in Ireland, like "loch"



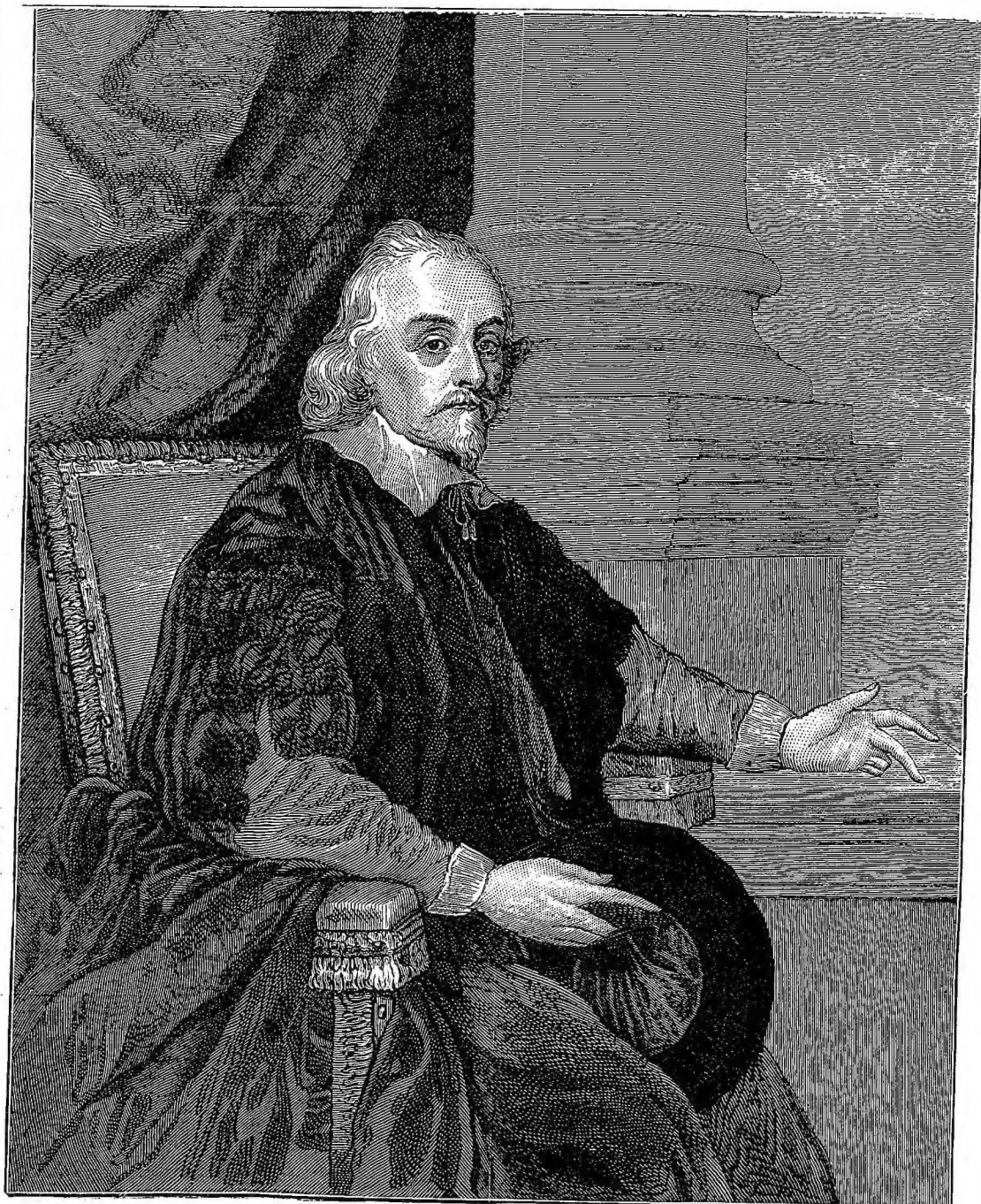
INTERIOR OF THE VAULT OF HEMPSTEAD CHURCH
The Case Marked thus (X) contains Harvey's Remains



INTERIOR OF THE HARVEY CHAPEL IN HEMPSTEAD CHURCH, SHOWING THE MARBLE
SARCOPHAGUS TO WHICH HARVEY'S REMAINS HAVE BEEN REMOVED

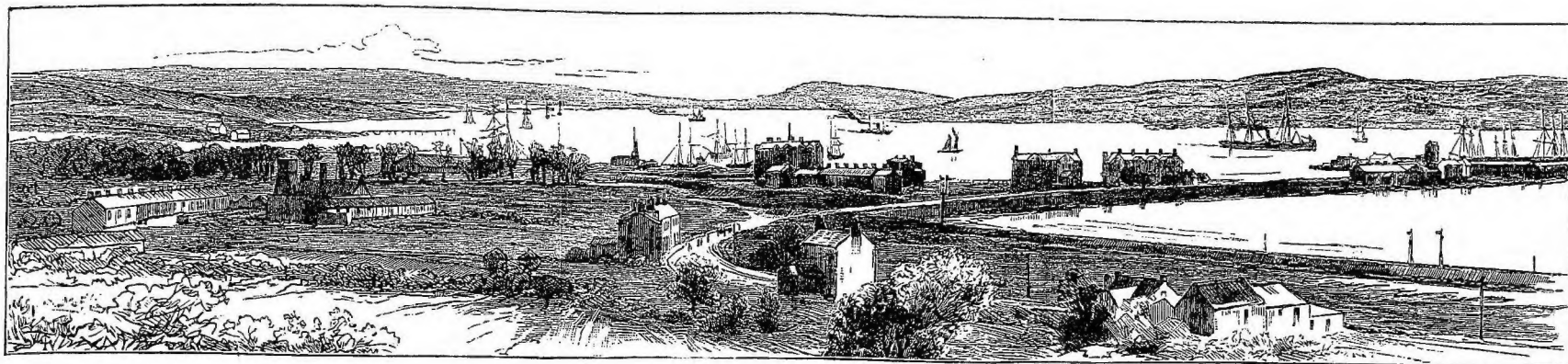


MEMORIAL BUST AND TABLET IN HEMPSTEAD CHURCH

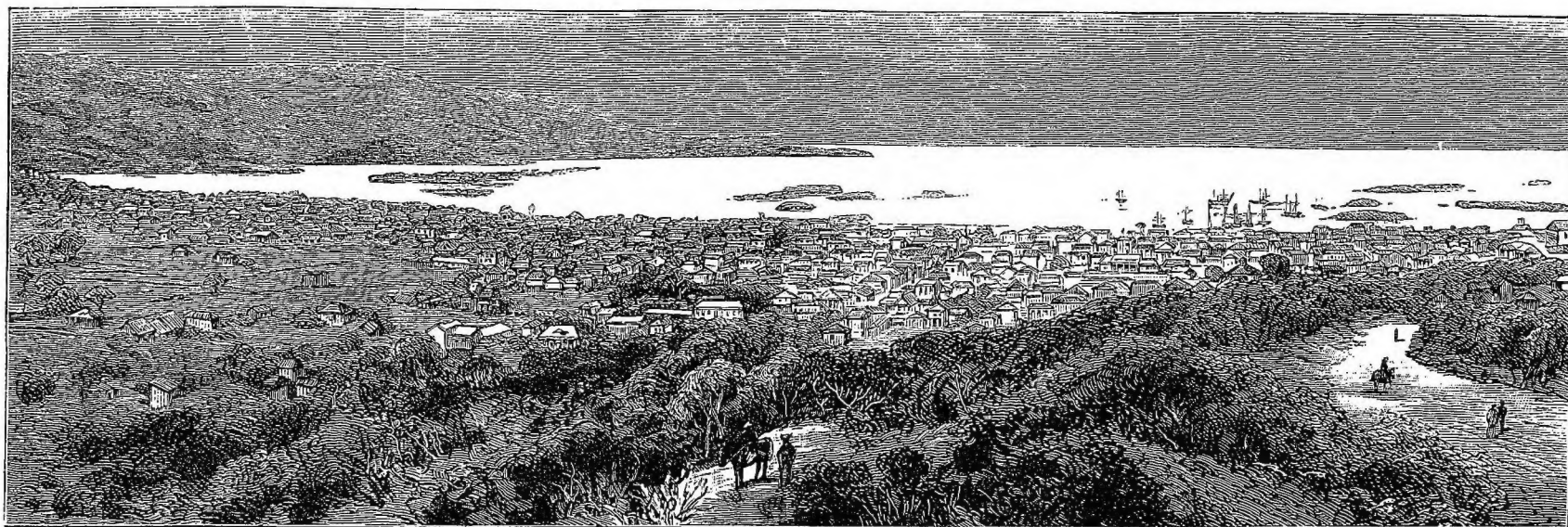


PORTRAIT OF HARVEY, BY CORNELIUS JANSEN, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF DR. WILLIAM HARVEY, THE DISCOVERER OF THE CIRCULATION OF
THE BLOOD, AT HEMPSTEAD CHURCH, ESSEX



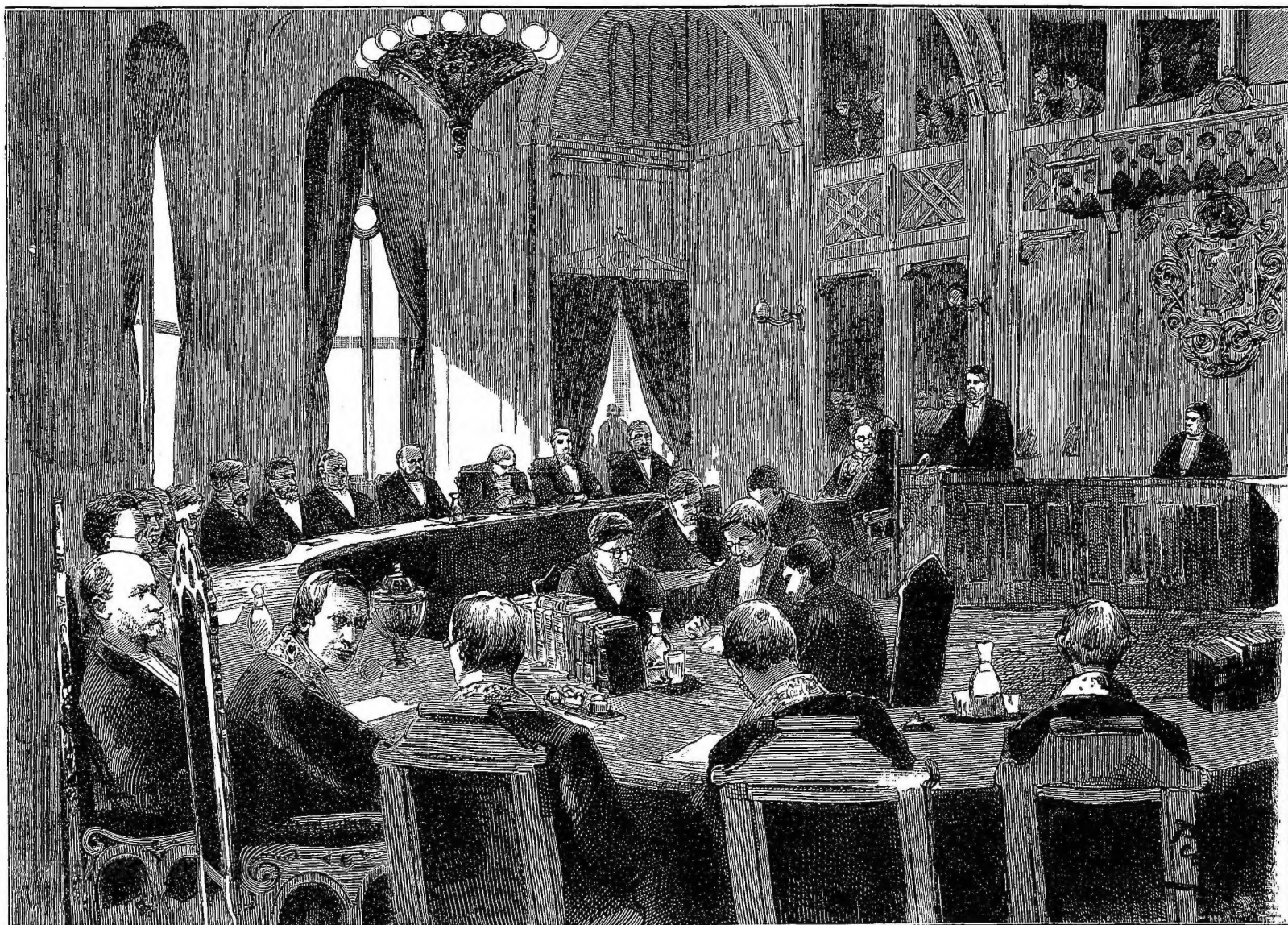
GENERAL VIEW OF LARNE HARBOUR, IRELAND, LATELY VISITED BY SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE



THE REVOLUTION IN HAYTI—VIEW OF PORT-AU-PRINCE

Members of the Lagthing

Mr. Selmer, Prime Minister of the Impeached Ministry
Defending and Prosecuting Counsel



Mr. Lange, President of the Court

Judges of the High Court of Justice

Official Reporters and Secretaries

Judges of the High Court of Justice

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS IN NORWAY—VIEW OF THE COURT AT CHRISTIANIA IN WHICH THE NORWEGIAN MINISTRY IS BEING IMPEACHED

in Scotland, is applied to both inlets of the sea and to proper freshwater lakes.) It may be observed, in passing, that Larne and Stranraer (like Dover and Calais) are the two Irish and Scotch harbours which are nearest together, and it has recently been proposed to carry the mail service by this route. The Postmaster-General, however, has replied that so many costly changes would be requisite that the matter must be approached with caution. We gather from an article in the *Northern Whig* that the cost would be a mere trifle, and that much local convenience would arise from the proposed alteration.

On Saturday last, October 13th, Sir Stafford Northcote visited Larne, and was received there most enthusiastically. The weather, however, was very bad, and this to some extent marred the effect of the banners, floral arches, &c. The right honourable gentleman came ashore from the *Pandora* at 2 P.M., and, having been received on the quay by Mr. Chaine, M.P. for Antrim, and other gentlemen, was escorted somewhat hurriedly to the Oldfleet Hotel, where he received addresses from the Constitutional inhabitants of Larne and the Orangemen of Ballymena, Kells, and Larne. He was afterwards entertained by Mr. Chaine at luncheon, to which a large company of gentlemen were invited. Sir Stafford made several speeches in the course of the day. One of these addresses, with reference to the Nationalist invasion of Ulster, concluded with these words: "Do not be disheartened; fight gallantly, and perseveringly, and peacefully, and, depend upon it, victory will crown your efforts."

This visit concluded Sir Stafford's political campaign. The remainder of his visit to Ireland was private.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAYTI

IN the last century, when half the island of Hayti belonged to France and half to Spain, it was one of the richest and most flourishing of West Indian possessions. But when the French Revolution broke out at home, the mulattoes and negroes in Hayti became fired with notions of equality, a massacre of planters took place, and a terrible servile war followed. In 1795 the Spaniards ceded their portion of the island to France, but presently the insurrection was renewed, and in 1804 Bonaparte, having his hands pretty full in Europe, suffered the inhabitants to proclaim their independence. Thus arose two black Republics, that of Hayti and that of St. Domingo. Politically, as in Spanish America, and, indeed, everywhere, except in Switzerland and the United States, the experiment of a Republic has not been very successful, for revolutions have been very frequent. News has just been received of one which took place last month, when Port-au-Prince is reported to have been nearly destroyed by incendiaries and bombardment. A British steamer, the *Alps*, was shelled by a Government fort at Tacmel, but luckily no one was hurt. It is hoped that the mischief done may prove to be exaggerated.

Port-au-Prince, or Port Republican, as it is sometimes called, is situated on the west coast, at the head of a bay of the same name, and has a fine appearance from the sea; but the interior is filthy in the extreme. The houses are chiefly of wood; the most notable buildings are the Palace and Senate House. Port-au-Prince carries on a trade in mahogany, logwood, honey, coffee, cocoa, and rags. The population is about 30,000. The town has suffered greatly from earthquakes.—Our engraving is from a photograph kindly lent to us by Mr. A. B. White, of St. Michael's Buildings, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS IN NORWAY.

IT is an unusual spectacle in our times to witness the Ministry of a country arraigned on its trial before a tribunal of the nation, but such is, however, at present the case in Norway. The whole of the Members of the Norwegian Ministry have been impeached by the Odelsting, the Lower House of the Norwegian Parliament, before the *Rigsret*, Supreme Tribunal of the realm, and are charged with having acted contrary to the interests of the country in advising the King to refuse his sanction to an important measure, which has now been carried by three successively elected Storting, requiring the presence of the Ministers in the National Assembly, to a money Bill and to a Bill empowering the Storting to elect two additional members on the Central Committee of the Government Railways. According to the Constitution of 1814, when Norway regained her independence, the Ministers of State do not take part in the proceedings of the Storting, and the Norwegians having discovered this great defect in their Parliamentary system, the Liberal majority of the people's representatives have during the last ten years carried a Bill three times, admitting the Ministers to seats in the Storting, each time with an increased majority; but the King has persistently refused to sanction this measure, claiming, at the same time an absolute veto in all Constitutional questions. Strange to say, a similar Bill had several times been introduced by the Government about fifty years ago; but the Liberal party in the Storting at that time looked with suspicion upon the presence of the Ministry in their Assembly, and always rejected the Royal proposition. But during the last thirty years the Liberal party has increased in strength, and is now in favour of the proposed reform; while the Government, being only supported by a small minority in the House, is in their turn afraid of sanctioning the Bill, unless the King is given certain guarantees, such as the right to dissolve the Storting at his pleasure. According to the Constitution, the King only possesses a suspensive veto, and all Bills carried by three successively elected Stornings become law without the King's sanction; but the Conservative party in the country upholds the King's claim to the absolute veto, believing that, although it may not be expressly stated in the Norwegian Constitution, this right is included in the principles of monarchy. The majority of the Norwegian people, however, declared at the general elections last year against the absolute veto, and returned a larger number of Liberals than ever to the National Assembly, which at present numbers eighty-three Liberals and thirty-one Conservatives.

Before separating this year, the Storting availed itself of the last resource by which it lawfully and eventually may enforce the will of the people upon the Government, and impeached the Ministry before the *Rigsret*, the functions of which are solely limited to the trials of offences against the State. There is no appeal against the decisions of this Court. It consists of the members of the Lagthing (the Upper House, or Select Committee of the Storting) and the Judges of the High Court of Justice. The accused has the right of rejecting one-third of his Judges, and the number has in consequence been reduced to twenty-six, of which seventeen are members of the Lagthing, all Liberals; while the nine Judges are known to hold Conservative views.

The actual trials opened on the 4th inst. with the case of Mr. Selmer, the Prime Minister; but, at the request of his counsel, it was adjourned until yesterday (Friday), when the Court resumed its sittings. As the eleven Ministers are all to be tried separately, some months may elapse before these trials will come to an end.

THE HEX RIVER RAILWAY, SOUTH AFRICA

THE peculiar feature of this line, which runs from Cape Town to Paarl and Tulbagh, and thence by an acute angle to Worcester, is its continuously steep gradients. It rises gradually at a rate of 1 in 40 for a distance of fourteen miles. The highest point on the line is Pieter Meintjes Fontein, which is 3,585 feet above the sea level. After passing the Royal Observatory the scenery is not remarkable until Tulbagh Kloof is reached. The effect of the bright moonlight on the coach-road and railway, which wind side by side among the mountains, is very striking. After passing Worcester the scenery becomes very grand, a fresh mountain coming

into view at almost every minute. When the Boers are travelling, they like to live in their own waggons, where they can do as they please without being disturbed, and they do not seem to care particularly when they get to their journey's end. From Hex River East to the Triangle the line is especially steep, and the workmen fly down hill in the trollies at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour. The railway is on the 3 feet 6 inch gauge.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Dennis Edwards, Hoff Street, Cape Town.

THE LONDON AND RIVER PLATE BANK FRAUDS

AT the Guildhall on Tuesday, the 17th inst., in the Old Queen's Bench Court, George Warden, late Secretary to the London and River Plate Bank (Limited), was finally charged before Mr. Alderman Whitehead with stealing bonds to the value of over 100,000*l.*, the property of his employers. Mr. Poland prosecuted (Mr. Michael Abrahams conducting the case prior to the arrival of the learned counsel); Mr. St. John Wontner defended Warden, and Mr. Fillan watched the case on behalf of John Davis Watters, who was at a later period of the day charged with complicity in the same transaction, Warden then being called as a witness. A further account of the proceedings appears under the head "Legal." It is sufficient therefore to observe here that Warden and Watters had been for some time engaged together in stock-jobbing speculations. They had made heavy losses, and to recoup themselves for these losses securities had from time to time been taken from the strong-room of the Bank. It was all-important, in order to avoid detection, that these securities should be replaced while the half-yearly audit of the Bank's accounts was going on. This was very cleverly managed by pledging some securities which had already passed under the auditors' inspection, or by giving cheques, in order to release other securities which had not yet been audited. The device was very nearly successful, but it failed at the critical moment by the prudence of Mr. Edmond Robert, clerk to Mr. McMickin, a stock-broker, who refused to surrender the stock pledged with him except in exchange for bankers' cheques, as he was not satisfied with the cheques signed by Watters, which that gentleman had sent him. This decision brought Warden and Watters to the end of their resources, and nothing remained for them but flight or discovery.—Our engraving represents the examination as a witness of Mr. Edmond Robert.

THE PORTLAND 'BUS

THIS is the familiar nickname given by the officers and seamen to the steam launch attached to the *Hercules* at Portland. At times she rolls in the cross sea between the ship and Camber, the "outside" crowded with seamen, marine artillery, and red marines. The after house is for officers. Our sketches (which are by Mr. C. W. Cole) represent the "Portland 'Bus" in fair and foul weather respectively. She is used for a variety of purposes; for the transit to and from shore of officers, of liberty and bundle men, of the Coast Guard for their annual cruise, of the Royal Naval Reserve for drill, of Marines for battalion drill, and of sick men for hospital.

THE CHINESE OPIUM SMOKER

IT is well known that widely-different opinions prevail on the subject of opium smoking. Some declare that the evils it produces are greater than those caused by alcohol, and that the British nation ought to be ashamed of deriving revenue from the sale of such an accursed thing; others (and these, as a rule, are the people best acquainted with the East) aver that, unless human beings are to be forbidden the use of all stimulants and narcotics, opium is a whole-some sedative, and is admirably suited to the temperament and physical condition of Oriental nations. In excess they admit that of course opium does harm, just as brandy, pale ale, bird's-eye tobacco, nay, macaroons and mutton chops, do harm, if absorbed beyond the assimilative capacity of the taker. We shall not give an opinion on so difficult a matter, but it is evident that in China there is a strong public opinion enlisted against opium, just as in England there is against alcohol. This little tract, entitled "The Chinese Opium Smoker," has with its cuts (which we reproduce, with their original explanatory letter-press underneath) been translated by an English resident of Hankow, an ardent anti-opiumist, who thought that people in England who would not read ordinary anti-opium literature might be reached by pictures. These pictures were coloured by a Chinese artist, and are published at the price of sixpence by S. W. Partridge and Co., of Paternoster Row. The preface tells us: "These engravings, intended to depict the course of thousands of opium smokers in China, were originally published in the form of cartoons by the Chinese themselves. For years past they have been posted up in the wayside tea-houses, and on the walls of public places, and circulated far and wide among the Chinese people, at the expense of native gentlemen, who have been alarmed at the spread of opium smoking, or who have wished to store up merit for themselves by circulating tracts and leaflets exhorting men to virtue."

THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR—PLAN OF TAMATAVE

THERE is a general idea that as the French have taken such very decided action in Madagascar, Gallic interests in that island must be far above those of any other nationality. This, however, is not the case, as may be seen by reference to the plan in our illustration, which has been kindly furnished us by Mr. James Porter. In this is shown the proportion of property held relatively by British, American, German, and French subjects. The relative value of the various buildings, unexpired leases, goods, &c., Mr. Porter informs us, is estimated as follows: British property, 200,000*l.*; American, 80,000*l.*; French, 30,000*l.*; and German, 20,000*l.* This proportion may be taken as an index of the relative values of properties and interests at stake of the different nationalities on the east coast, north and south of Tamatave.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM QUEENSLAND TO SYDNEY

THESE engravings represent some incidents of a trip made by the artist, Mr. Lawrence Travers, who is an old chum and a good bushman, in company with a gentleman who was a new chum, and to whom consequently the bush was a *terra incognita*. As Shem, the new chum's pack-horse, would not lead at first, the old chum, on Ham, had to pull him along (1). In the second sketch, the new chum's load having been unskillfully packed, is being pitched off by Shem, to the disgust of his proprietor. They were crossing the Macintyre River (No. 3), and trying for a ford. The new chum, otherwise called "The Dook," prided himself on keeping his legs dry, and advised the H.W.M. (i.e., Hard Working Man) to do as he did. Just then, however, Shem refused to go any further, and "The Dook" was forced to put his legs down to save falling off. In No. 4 the new chum incautiously proceeds to light his pipe. Shem backs away steadily, but Japhet, frightened by the flaming match, goes back with a rush. "The Dook" holds on gallantly, however, till the H.W.M. relieves his sufferings. In No. 5 the track has been altogether lost, the H.W.M. is immediately off to pick it up, while "The Dook," seated beneath a shady gum tree, quietly murmurs in the words of the renowned Jorrocks, "A guinea 'at to 'alf-a-crown gossamer 'e don't find it." In No. 6 "The Dook" proceeds to ask his way. Naturally graceful in all his actions, he astonishes the simple-minded free-selector with the accuracy of his bow.

"THE RIVALS"

EVERYBODY knows that cats and dogs are quite as jealous as human beings. This is the theme of Mr. E. K. Johnson's pretty

picture. The collie is indignant that his young mistress should take pussy up in her arms and make so much of her. He pleads with eloquent eyes for at least a share of attention. Meanwhile the girl, with the somewhat mischievous propensities of her age and sex, is evidently pleased at having piqued the dog's feelings. A few years later, when her skirts are longer, she will very likely play the same game with a pair of human admirers of the opposite sex.

"THIRLBY HALL"

A NEW STORY, by W. E. Norris, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 397.

LOST ON TABLE MOUNTAIN

EVERYBODY has heard of Table Mountain, the flat-topped hill (about 3,500 feet high) which rises immediately behind Cape Town, and from which a fine view of the city, the bay, and the surrounding mountains is obtained. It is a favourite resort for picnics, but the ascent is attended with some danger, because during the summer months, if a south-easter should blow, the top of the mountain becomes enveloped in a dense white cloud, commonly called the Table-cloth, and many people have lost their lives from being unable in the thick mist to find a descending path, of which there are not many. Cape Town residents will remember a man named Gregory, who climbed the mountain every Sunday, and who knew every boulder, stream, and rock, yet one day he lost his way, and was found dead. Parties often go up to rescue persons who have been overtaken by the cloud. The wind on these occasions blows furiously, and it is bitterly cold. Our sketch represents a young man and two ladies endeavouring to find their way among the rocks.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Dennis Edwards, Hoff Street, Cape Town.

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA

See page 399

NOTE.—We omitted to mention last week that our engravings of "A Curate's Holiday" were from sketches by the Rev. Edward Weldon, Green Leaf Lane, Walthamstow.



AFTER THE CONSERVATIVES, THE LIBERALS. If the former monopolised the first half of the month, the latter will muster strongest at its close. The Conference at Leeds, of which we give an account below, has been undoubtedly the most important, both in itself and in its consequences, of all the meetings which have been held as yet. In Scotland, Sir C. Dilke will deliver a political address at Glasgow on the 30th, immediately after a Conference of Liberal Associations; and Mr. Goschen one two days later at the Rosebery Club, Edinburgh, where he will also deliver the opening address at the meeting of the Philosophical Institution. The Conservatives, too, will not be idle. Sir Stafford Northcote closed his political tour in Ireland with a visit to Portrush and a last speech—not wholly unfavourable to the Land Act—at Larne, where he embarked in the *Pandora* for Carlingford Lough. The later visits of the yacht to the nearest ports under stress of weather were too unexpected to give rise to any demonstrations. On Monday Sir Stafford will address a gathering of the Conservatives of North Wales at the Pavilion, Carnarvon, for which 7,000 tickets have been already taken; and, later still, will appear with Lord Salisbury at Liverpool.—Mr. Gladstone varied his stay last week at Knowsley with an inspection of the Mersey Tunnel, the borings for which within the last six days have advanced another thirty-eight yards, and has since been visited at Hawarden by Mr. Trevelyan, who left for Dublin on Monday morning, escorted all the way by detectives in plain clothes.—Mr. Forster, M.P., has last been heard of at Philippopolis, where he has had several interviews with Aleko Pasha, the Governor of the now semi-independent Roumelia; and Lord Lansdowne, after bidding farewell last week to his Ulster friends in a very hearty as well as a graceful speech, sailed on Saturday for Canada. His predecessor, Lord Lorne, is on the way home, and will be welcomed at Liverpool, if his arrangements will permit, at a public luncheon.—The Marquis Tseng, Ambassador from China, made a very successful *début*, as a speaker during the recess, at Folkestone, twitting English *littérati* rather neatly for doing practically nothing in Chinese literature and antiquities.—Mr. Bright in acknowledging a widely-circulated proposal of Mr. Seeley's, by which some sixty seats should be reserved for men of known ability but physically too weak to address large constituencies, and who are therefore to be elected by the other 600, sharply denounced all new "fads" for the making of Parliament, whether by "minority clauses" or otherwise. "They all," he says, "tend to mischief; and are mainly intended to weaken the popular voice." *En revanche*, the United Kingdom Alliance denounces Mr. Bright as sharply for his recent speech upon the Licensing Question. His views on the liquor question, says the report, would be very different were he "the fearless Radical he was once."

OVER 2,500 DELEGATES, representing 500 Liberal Associations, assembled at Leeds on Wednesday, under the presidency of Mr. John Morley. Mr. Firth's proposal to give precedence next Session to the Bill for the Reform of the Municipality of London was rejected by a large majority; and Dr. Dale's motion that Government should deal at once with the extension of the County Franchise was ultimately carried unanimously. Resolutions were also adopted in favour of conferring equal electoral rights on householders and lodgers in the counties as in the boroughs, and for bestowing the franchise upon all women who now possess municipal votes. At the evening *conversazione* in the Town Hall, Mr. Bright made a short and conciliatory speech, in which he deprecated ill-natured aggression, and hoped that the result of the New Reform would be to strengthen a Government already strong in carrying out a wise and just policy.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR H. W. NORMAN, C.I.E., has been appointed Governor of Jamaica. Although well known in India for his services in the field and as a member of the Legislative Council, he has never held till now any Colonial appointment.—Sir Hercules Robinson will remain in England during the conference with the Envoys from the Transvaal.

IN IRELAND the only event of importance has been the renewed invasion of Ulster, at Rosslea, by the Nationalists, headed by Mr. Healy, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, and Mr. Biggar. The Orangemen mustered in force under Captain Archdale, Lord Rossmore, and others, to oppose them, but any conflict was prevented by the dexterous interposition between the two armies of a strong force of military and police, and by the fact that the meeting places were separated from one another by half-a-mile of ground and a river. At the close there were some isolated encounters in which two young men, one of whom was mistaken for Mr. Healy, were struck down and hurt. The Orange meeting was the best armed and the most numerous, and the second raid into Ulster has proved on the whole not a whit more successful than the first.—Mr. Parnell, who is said to have been over-ruled in this matter by his more fiery colleagues, will shortly make a speech at Cork. The addresses to

be presented to him at the December banquet will be enclosed in a silver casket, value one hundred pounds, of real Irish workmanship.—The Cork Exhibition closed on Saturday. Though not a financial success, it has done much good indirectly, and brought classes once more together which had become utterly estranged. An organised attempt on the part of a minority to hiss down the National Anthem was dexterously foiled by the police, without giving rise to the general free fight which had been contemplated.—Mr. Mallon succeeds Mr. Carr as Inspector-General of the Metropolitan Constabulary, the latter retiring on a well-earned pension.—As a straw to show the direction of the wind, we find at Warrenpoint, County Down, that the four vacant seats on the Town Council have all been carried by the Conservatives, in the teeth of a determined resistance by the Nationalists.—At a *séance* given by Mr. Irving Bishop, the "thought-reader," in the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, that gentleman, after four times failing to tell the number of a note held by Dr. Traill, F.C.S., swooned on the stage, and was carried away. Congestion of the brain was apprehended by the doctors. The "thought-reader" is now, however, very much better.—The trial of O'Donnell, against whom a true bill for murder was found by the Grand Jury, has been postponed, on the application of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, till November 19. No objection was raised by the Attorney-General on the part of the Crown, though it was hoped there would be no unnecessary delay.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY TUNNEL UNDER THE SEVERN, between Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire, which has been so long in progress, was flooded on Thursday last week by an irruption of water from the land springs on the Monmouthshire side, the tapping of which caused a disastrous inundation four years ago. The fitting up of the pumps necessary to clear the borings will delay the works for several months.

THE DEMAND OF THE YORKSHIRE AND NORTH MIDLAND colliers for a 15 per cent. advance threatens to give rise to serious difficulties.—At a meeting of coal-owners on Wednesday at Sheffield it was unanimously decided that no advance of wages should be given. The owners, however, will meet the representatives of the colliers, since these desire an interview, at the same place on the 23rd. In North Staffordshire the hands on strike have been compelled, after a long struggle, to surrender at discretion.—At Sunderland the strike of the engineers has now been followed by a turn-out of the apprentices, who complain that the strange hands are not competent to instruct them in their trade. Forty summonses have been taken out against the lads for breaking their indentures.

A VIOLENT STORM broke on our coasts on Monday. In the height of the gale four men-of-war training brigs returned to Plymouth after a Channel cruise, failed one after another to reach their moorings, and had to bring up by letting go their anchors wherever they could. Two—the *Pilot* and the *Sea-flower*—came into collision, and could not be separated till much damage had been done by loss of gear, &c. Fortunately no other injury was caused beyond very general alarm on shore, and in another two hours all were safely moored without assistance.

THE FISHERIES' EXHIBITION will be closed by the Prince of Wales on the 31st. The popular interest in the show continues unabated, special excursions having been organised by the South-Eastern, Brighton, and Chatham and Dover lines; and numerous delegates from our sea-board towns are expected for the conferences in the last week before the close. The awards were published in the *Gazette* on Wednesday, and are of four degrees—gold, silver, and bronze medals, and diplomas. The last are equivalent to "honourable mention."

THE AUTUMNAL MEETING of the Evangelical Alliance, instituted in 1845, was opened on Tuesday at Norwich; and that of the United Kingdom Alliance, with Sir W. Lawson for President and chief speaker, on the same day at Manchester. The Incorporated Law Society has had its meeting this week at Bath. The address of the President, Mr. Bristow, was an able examination of the effect of the legislative changes of the last two or three years.

THE MANSION HOUSE FUND for the sufferers at Ischia is closed. The total raised was 2,280*l.*, out of which 2,000*l.* has been handed over to the Italian Ambassador. The costs of advertising and collecting amounted to 200*l.*

A SITE for the New University College of North Wales at Bangor will shortly be secured. The County Committee meet on Saturday, and the Central Committee, comprising nearly all the Members for North Wales, on the 27th. The Carnarvonshire subscriptions now amount to 10,000*l.* The academical element in the governing body will be represented by the Principal, one Professor nominated by the Senate, three persons nominated by the Education Department, three by the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and the Treasurer.

WE HAVE TO RECORD THE DEATHS of Lord Mountcashel, the father of the House of Peers: his lordship was born in 1792; of the Rev. Dr. Acworth (æt. 86), a distinguished Baptist and first President of Rawdon College; and of Mrs. Marwood, from illness caused by drink. Her late husband, it is said, was in the habit of presenting her with a bottle of gin after each execution.



THEATRES

It will be remembered that Mr. Augustus Harris has recently made public confession that his last new romantic play did not prove remunerative, because, though audiences were numerous, they were not numerous enough to reimburse the outlay upon the costly scenery and mechanical contrivances. The reason given for this disappointment was no doubt strictly accurate, but, on the other hand, Mr. Harris as an experienced manager must have been well aware from the first of the conditions of success; and it is therefore impossible to escape the conclusion that, however numerous his audiences were, they fell considerably short of what he hoped and expected them to be. This is, in fact, to say that *Freedom* was an acknowledged failure. Nor were the causes difficult to detect. The truth is that Mr. Harris's principle of management is a little behind the times. It is based on the old-fashioned maxim that the appetite of the play-going public may be fed *à la carte*, or in other words, that in a romantic drama the first thing is to have a succession of picturesque scenes and startling effects; the second thing to have a story with which these scenes and effects are to be associated—whether directly or indirectly, whether skillfully or clumsily matters little. Plays, it is true, have again and again been constructed on this basis, and have succeeded; but it is no less true that romantic dramas which depend only on tableaux and scenes of excitement are now passing rapidly out of fashion. Scenic effects no doubt still attract, and always will attract, the multitude; but they must, as a rule, form part and parcel of a drama which interests by virtue of a coherent and interesting story. If the reason of this change of fashion—or rather, this advance in the public taste—be asked, the answer is that playgoers have of late had the advantage of comparing good romantic plays with bad ones, and have learnt to know the difference. It is Mr. Sims and Messrs. Jones

and Herman who have been most instrumental in bringing this change about. Those who have seen *The Lights of London* and *The Silver King*—pieces with plenty of "sensational" in them, but sensation subordinated to the purposes of a story that excites curiosity and maintains interest—are naturally ill-content with pieces constructed on the old-fashioned plan of trusting chiefly to the combined efforts of the scenic artist, the stage carpenter, the machinist, the property man, the costumer, the custodian of the gas-bags, and the director of the lime light.

These lessons the management of DRURY LANE seem slow to learn. Its latest venture, the joint work of Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Augustus Harris, brought out under the title of *A Sailor and His Lass*, on Monday evening, can hardly be said to unfold a story, though it presents an inexhaustible series of incidents, amidst which Mr. Harris, in the character of one Harry Hastings, a gallant British tar, performs prodigies of valour, and exhibits unbounded generosity in the way of relieving the distressed and protecting the oppressed, though he is not able himself to escape from much trial and persecution at the hands of an uncompromising villain of the true suburban melodramatic type. Somehow or other his good and evil fortunes excite but little interest, even the harrowing details of a scene in which he is brought to the very brink of the gallows, on an absurdly false but successful charge of murder, failing to arouse any very deep sympathy. The fact is that the authors have failed to give an air of reality to his actions and sufferings, or generally to endow the proceedings of the crowd of personages of the play with the touch of truth which is needed. In brief, the lack of sincerity in the play is too obvious, as is the overweening confidence of the management in the "seventeen tableaux," including the "great ship scene" and the "dynamite explosion," of which so much has been heard in preliminary announcements. The explosion at the police station, the wreck, the sinking of the vessel, the rescue of the survivors, and other scenes are doubtless striking in their way, though hardly equal to the best scenes in *Freedom*, but it is to be feared that the authors have only prepared for themselves another reminder of the truth that audiences nowadays want something more than this. Possibly something may yet be done, by lopping off unnecessary details, towards justifying the favour with which the new play was received by a very friendly first-night audience. The acting was certainly good enough to deserve a better fate than that of being obscured and overpowered by "tableaux" and sensation incidents. Mr. Harris, we are willing to allow, is a very spirited and energetic representative of heroes of melodrama; while in Miss Sophie Eyre, Miss Harriett Jay, and Miss Clara Jecks the authors have the advantage of the services of actresses not wanting in power or charm. Plenty of that genial humour which by the settled canons of the romantic dramatist's art is necessary to give relief to the serious scenes is moreover contributed by Mr. Harry Jackson in the character of a typical London cabman, rough, ready-witted, good-natured, and active in befriending injured innocence. Nor need we add that Mr. Fernandez, as the misguided old farmer, who makes confession of his crime towards the close of his story, is forcible and impressive. But a strong company is of little avail without a strong play. Mr. Harris's faith is evidently in dynamite explosions rather than in acting, and hence the elaborate ingenuity expended on *A Sailor and His Lass* is, we regret to say, in great measure wasted.

Mr. Wilson Barrett calculates that *The Silver King* has now been seen by 1,348,640 persons; namely, in London, at the Princess's Theatre, by 587,640; in provincial theatres, by 441,000; and, in America, by upwards of 320,000. As a means of making a work known to the world, the stage would now seem to beat the printing press. Certainly few, if any, works of fiction can claim to have numbered in a few months nearly a million and a half of readers.

In noticing the death of Mr. Dutton Cook, the ablest and best informed of the dramatic critics of this day, the *Theatre* says:—"It cannot be too generally known that Mr. Cook's widow intends to resume, at her residence, 69, Gloucester Crescent, Gloucester Gate, the active duties of her musical profession, which were only interrupted by her marriage, some nine years ago. This graceful and accomplished lady was a very distinguished pupil at the Royal Academy of Music, is a brilliant pianist, and will, without further delay, commence her classes for tuition."

Miss Webster, who will play a prominent part in the new comedy to be produced at the St. James's this evening, is a granddaughter of the late Benjamin Webster, the celebrated actor and manager.

The author of that rattling and amusing farcical comedy, *Confusion*, is stated to have finished another piece of the same class, which is to be brought out at the VAUDEVILLE, under the title of *The Twins*.

Mrs. Conner, a lady hitherto unknown to fame, but described as "a pupil of Mrs. Chippendale," is the new lessee of the OLYMPIC. It is to be presumed that the lady will display her histrionic talents on the stage of the house which is to come under her management. A new play by Mr. Henry Pettitt, called *A Spider's Web*, already acted in the country, will, it is rumoured, be her first venture.

A morning performance, to which the dramatic profession were specially invited, was given on Thursday at the GLOBE, of Mr. Grundy's clever original comedy, *The Glass of Fashion*. A morning performance of the same amusing piece for the general public will also be given to-day and Saturday next.

The revival of the late Mr. Robertson's *M.P.* at TOOLE'S Theatre is brought to a close this week. This evening its place will be taken by *Ours*.

An original comedy-drama, written by Mr. Edward Righton, and entitled *Hard Up*, is to be played this afternoon at the STRAND Theatre for the first time in London.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The management will produce on Monday next, October 22, a new musical sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled *On the Thames*, and a new afterpiece, by Arnold Felix, music by George Gear, entitled *A Water Cure*. *Treasure Trove* will still retain its place in the programme.

THE BERLIN HYGIENIC EXHIBITION has been closed, after proving a great success, alike from a financial and other points of view. Nearly a million of visitors have inspected the collection, and the receipts amount to over 25,000*l.* Many of the most important exhibits are to be preserved in the new Hygienic Museum.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,438 deaths were registered, against 1,252 during the previous seven days; an increase of 186, but being 69 below the average, and at the rate of 19.0 per 1,000. There were three deaths from small-pox, 32 from measles (a rise of 21), 57 from scarlet fever (a fall of 6), 24 from diphtheria (an increase of 5), 22 from whooping-cough (a rise of 8), 2 from typhus, 23 from enteric fever (an increase of 2), and 26 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 22). Diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 248 (against 191 the previous week), but were 32 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 40 deaths; 31 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 13 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 5 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Nine cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,504 births registered against 2,387, being 117 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 51.4 deg., and 0.8 deg. below the average.



THE HUGE ELECTRIC LIGHT TOWER at Hell Gate, New York, which is to illuminate the harbour, will be finished in January.

THE QUICKEST DELIVERY OF THE AMERICAN MAILS IN PARIS on record was made last week, when the letters and newspapers only took nine days in transit.

TWO FINE AMERICAN BUFFALOES are being brought to Scotland for the Duke of Argyll, who intends to house them at Inverary. They come from the Buffalo Ranch at Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

ANOTHER INTERESTING ADDITION to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington has just been opened to the public—two galleries, containing collections of the shells and various marine animals of the globe, most carefully classified.

A PERPETUAL HINT AGAINST CONCESSION TO ROME confronts Prince Bismarck whenever he passes through the door between his study and the dining-room at Friedrichsruhe. It is a splendid *portière* representing Henry IV. doing penance at Canossa, which was presented to the Prince.

THE GERMAN NATIONAL MONUMENT lately unveiled on the Niederwald has cost the German people 59,600*l.* Several of the separate pieces were furnished by different societies, the Students giving the figure of "Peace," and the patriotic associations of veterans supplying that of "War."

THE INEVITABLE SEA SERPENT has turned up again. This time he has been seen going down the Bristol Channel towards the Atlantic at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour, and afterwards he was noticed off the north coast of Cornwall. The monster was about half a mile long, and left a greasy trail behind him.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A COMMON PRIME MERIDIAN is to be discussed by the International Geodetic Commission, which meets in Rome this week. The present system is highly inconvenient, and probably Greenwich time will be universally adopted, but no definitive decision will be made until a special congress has met to consider the subject, probably in America next year.

A FUNGUS FORAY was held in Epping Forest last week by a London Microscopical and Natural History Society. Some hundred species of fungi were found, including one hitherto unknown in Britain. Enthusiastic fungus collectors, by-the-bye, should try the Ardennes, where in rainy weather some of the most varied and splendid specimens may be seen, particularly in the neighbourhood of the Sémois River.

AN ARTIFICIAL BABY has been invented by an ingenious Yankee for the benefit of those travellers who wish to scare away people from entering a carriage which they would like to keep to themselves. This "travelling necessity," as its inventor calls it, is so ingenious that it would deceive the most experienced mother, and is manufactured in three styles for various purposes. No. 1 costs 2*l.*, and "is so thoroughly irritating that it would keep away the most placid and loving individual." No. 2, for 1*l.*, emits "lamentable, intolerable, but intermittent cries;" and No. 3 is a capital imitation for 10*s.* Further, the inventor undertakes to repair the machinery gratis.

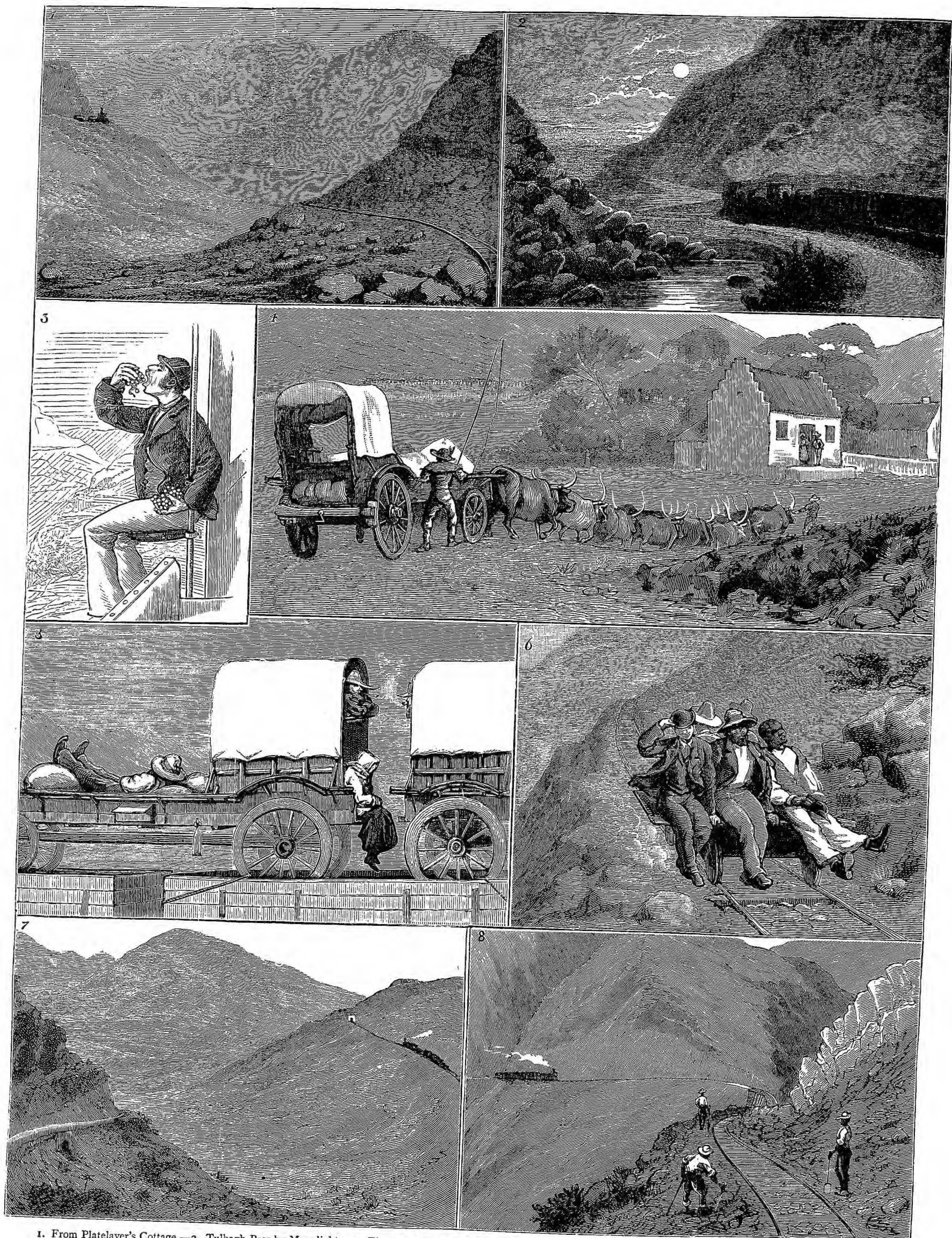
A CURIOUS LUNATIC EXHIBITION has lately been held at Voghera, North Italy, in connection with a Congress of Alienists, presided over by a Roman physician, Dr. Salivetta. The contributions came from sixteen insane asylums, and were mostly the work of the patients,—needlework, paintings, clothing, boots and shoes, watches, &c. Most interesting, however, were the albums, filled with prose and poetry, where love sonnets predominated, one being addressed to Napoleon I. Some less cheerful items were the skulls, brains, and photographs of mad people. At the close of the meeting a grand ball and banquet were given, where doctors, lunatics, and visitors danced happily together. Another Congress will be held three years hence in Siena.

THE LAST CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE was held on Thursday, the anniversary of the Proclamation of Peace to the American Army, and its final disbandment at Newburgh, in New York State. This closes the long series of commemorative festivities which have taken place during the last seven years. Washington lived at Newburgh for a year and a half after the surrender of Yorktown, and his house is kept intact by the nation. It is an interesting old colonial building, the New York *Christian Union* tells us, which stands on ground given by Queen Anne to some German exiles in 1719, and from its lofty bluff overlooks a splendid stretch of country. Built in 1750, it has, low ceilings and thick rough-stone walls, while one room contains seven doors and only one window.

LIFE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS, as described by one of Professor Nordenskjöld's companions in his late expedition, presents somewhat different experiences from the usual picture of existence in these latitudes. Some of the expedition stopped at Waigatz Island, and Dr. Nathorst tells how they walked about in their shirt sleeves on the slopes, covered with plants and shrubs, with butterflies and bees swarming around. "Sometimes the heat was so great that one would have been satisfied with less in many a summer at home. We richly enjoyed a bath in the spring. The mosquitoes were very annoying, so that we had to use both netting and gloves. Every day brought us a rich harvest of petrefactions of tropical plants, such as figs, plantains, magnolias, &c., and while at work on the slopes we could feast our eyes on the innumerable icebergs around us of every variety of shape."

POLITICAL PERSONALITIES across the Atlantic are more witty than courteous. Here are a few, culled from the *New York Herald*. "Governor Butler uses religion from the stump." "Judge Hoagley plays chess, and politically it is all knight with him." "General Weaver, in Iowa, appeals to the religious sentiments of his hearers. He wants to go to the United States Senate all the same." "An Albany paper says that a brick will absorb one pound of water. New York has a good many politicians who never absorb half-a-pound of water." "Father John Hill remains quietly at his home, where, since his defeat for Governor, he has learnt to bite his tongue in the most approved pious fashion." "Denver is controlled by the moneyed men in its politics, and there is one Democratic journal which says that most of them ought to be in the Penitentiary." "Ex-Congressman Augustus Cutler, of New Jersey, is a pleasing man, and would make a good salesman of soothing syrup."

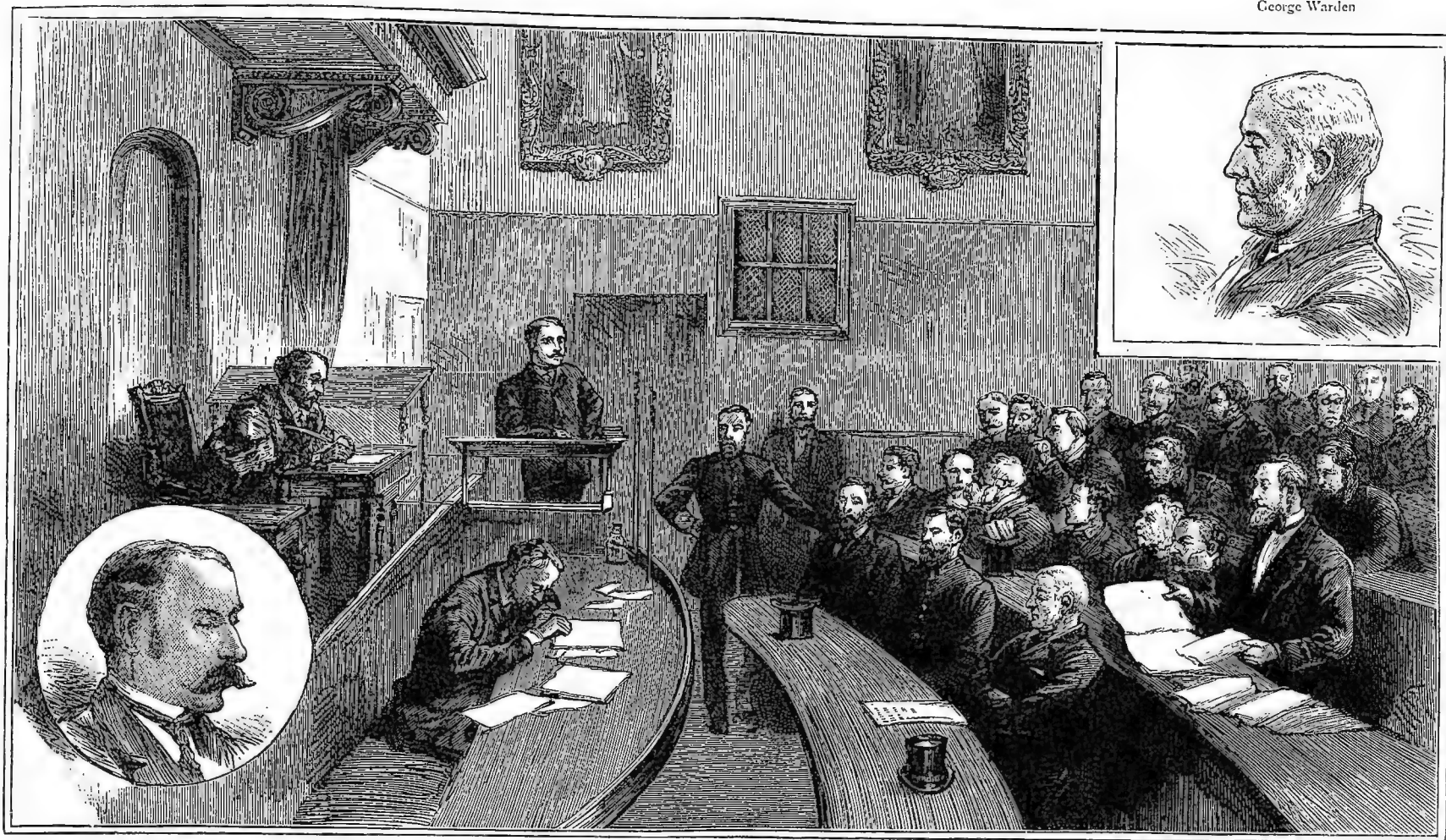
A BURLESQUE ART DISPLAY, under the title of "Exposition des Arts Incohérents," has been opened in Paris, somewhat after the fine art "sells" so frequently seen at bazaars. The collection is carefully arranged in the fashion of the Salon, and whilst none of the pictures follow any rule of art some are highly amusing, and others are so coarse that strips of paper have been pasted across part of the painting, with the inscription "Caché pour cause de moralité." One artist sends a huge empty canvas, and sketches five small pictures on the frame, two others parody a well-known portrait in the last Salon by sticking on a real tie, hair, eye-glass, and decoration, while the face itself is painted, and a glass of water is fastened on to the frame. A real cabbage ornaments the corner of another picture, while in the sculpture division is a mass of paving-stones, chains, spades, &c., ticketed "Modern Paris." M. Coquelin, of the Français, who is artist as well as actor, contributes a sheet of paper bearing one zig-zag line, "Souvenir d'Étretat."



1. From Platelayer's Cottage.—2. Tulbagh Pass by Moonlight.—3. The Stoker Has a Little Refreshment.—4. A Farm by the Way, Hex River Valley.—5. The Boer Way of Travelling on the Railway.—6. Platelayers on a Trolly.—7. Hex River Mountain.—8. Near a Viaduct, Past Twenty-five Mile Cottage.

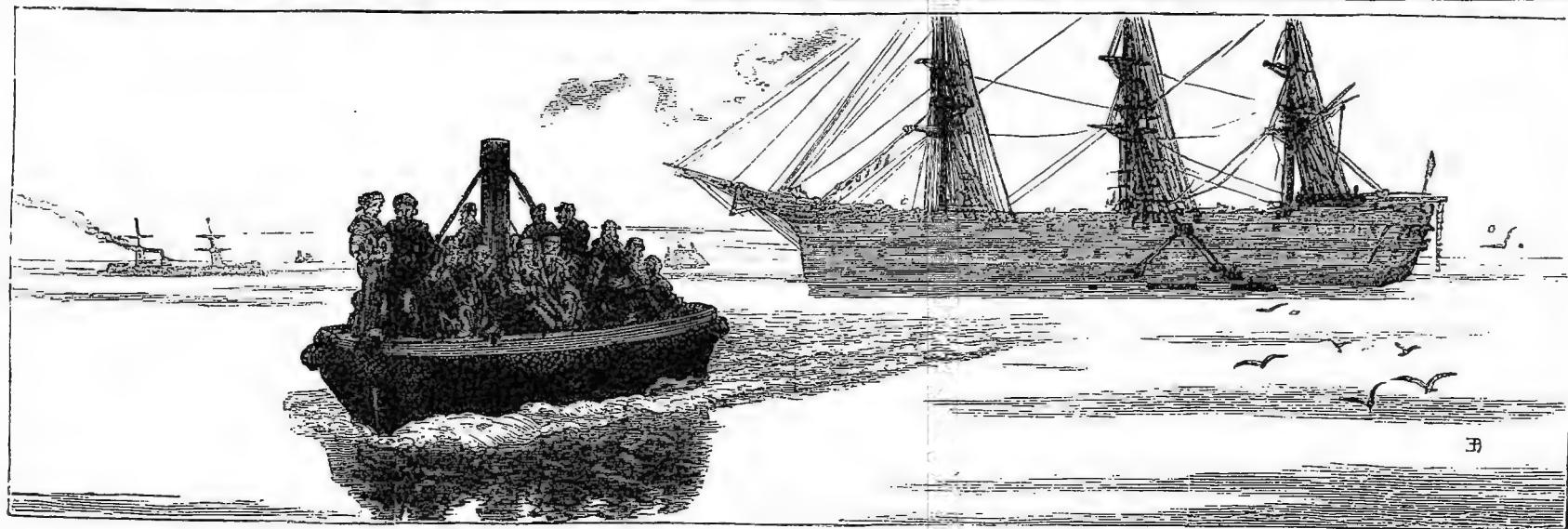
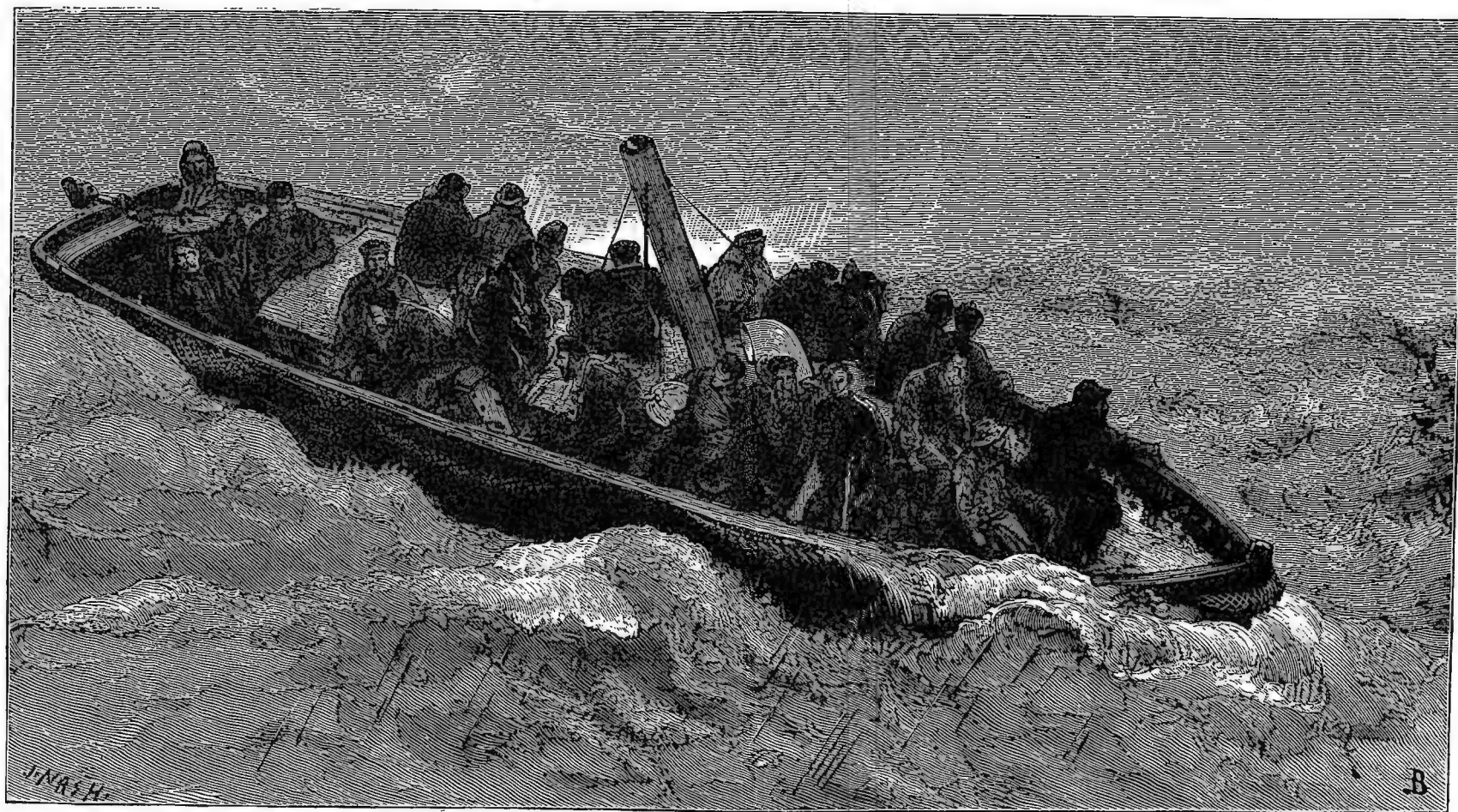
THE HEX RIVER RAILWAY, CAPE COLONY

George Warden



John Davis Watters

THE RIVER PLATE BANK FRAUDS—EXAMINATION OF WARDEN AND WATTERS AT THE QUEEN'S BENCH COURT, GUILDHALL



"THE PORTLAND 'BUS,' OR STEAM LAUNCH ATTACHED TO H.M.S. "HERCULES," IN FAIR AND FOUL WEATHER



M. JULES FERRY is certainly a man of courage and determination, and FRANCE may be congratulated on at last having a Prime Minister who has decided to rely solely upon the support of one party, and not to maintain his position by leaning alternately on the Right and Left, as his many predecessors have been wont to do. By his speeches at Rouen and Havre he has distinctly severed himself from the Radicals, whom, indeed, he denounced in no measured terms. At Rouen he dwelt upon the fact that the great Democratic reforms had been effected, not by the Extreme party, but by "moderate practical Republicans like those around him," and announced that though the latter were about to give battle, they advance to it without bitterness and anger. "They were above," he declared, "the insults and calumny which, alas! seemed to be more and more entering into the political habits of the country." At Havre M. Ferry spoke yet more plainly. He dwelt upon "the gulf which had widened between the great Republican majority and those who, severing themselves from it, have carried on a campaign of division, insult, and calumny." Alluding to the outburst of *intransigence*, he remarked that the Monarchical peril—now buried in two graves from which nothing would ever spring—had been succeeded by another peril, which must be faced by Republican concentration. The Extremists did not want either "Government, stability, or method—whosoever speaks of Government is a Monarchist, while la stabilité, voilà l'ennemi." Their idea of a Republic is one of perpetual agitation and change . . . in their programme they set down every possible thing, whether desirable or not, detestable or premature . . . a table of contents of the twentieth or twenty-first century." M. Ferry concluded by declaring that thenceforward the flags were unfurled, and people must choose between the Government policy and that of the Extremists. No middle course or "bastard combination" is possible.

This point blank declaration of war against Radicalism is one of the most important political events since the death of M. Gambetta. It is far more than the opening of a campaign between two Parliamentary parties—it is the resumption of that old warfare of Paris *versus* the Provinces, which has so often led to such serious results, and which has so frequently ended in the overthrow of whatever régime may be governing France at the time. M. Ferry has thrown down the gauntlet to the Parisians, and has announced his intention to rely upon the more sober-sided provincials. Curiously enough, with one exception, M. Hérisson, no Minister sits for the capital, and thus M. Ferry is free from those electoral trammels which so seriously hampered both M. Gambetta and M. de Freycinet in their efforts to govern with a large Centre party. When the Chamber meets on the 22nd inst. we may expect some terribly stormy sittings, and in the mean time the Radicals are girding up their loins for the fray, and vigorously denouncing M. Ferry as a renegade and a would-be Dictator. The draft of a manifesto has already been published, signed by three Radical Senators and seven Deputies, including MM. Clémenceau, Laisant, and Tony Révillon, which announces that the programme of the Union of Permanent Radical Committees comprises the election of a constituent National Assembly; the separation of Church and State; judicial reform, based on the elective principle; complete change in the system of taxation; suppression of all monopolies; abolition of the one year volunteer system, and compulsory military service for all. Moreover, "citizens" are exhorted not to be so blind as in 1848, but to recognise the existing danger—"that the régime of shame, the Government of baseness and social trickery—in short, Orleanism—to give it its real name—is ready to pounce down upon us."

As for the Conservatives, they are, as might be expected, somewhat cynical, the Orleanist journals being especially severe upon M. Jules Ferry's pose as a Conservative, and it is pointed out that M. Ferry announced no programme himself, a detail which he has probably reserved until the opening of the Chamber. There is little other news from France this week. The difficulty with Spain seems to be passing over, the last phase being a circular addressed by the Spanish Cabinet—with the consent of the French Ministry—to all the foreign Powers, giving a brief account of the whole affair, together with M. Grévy's apology and King Alphonso's reply *in extenso*. The Spanish Ambassador, the Duke of Fernan Nuñez, has resigned, mainly, however, on account of the Ministerial changes at Madrid. The Madagascar difficulty with England also seems in a fair way of settlement, as it is now stated that Mr. Shaw is to be indemnified with the sum of 2,400l. There is nothing fresh from the island itself save that Admiral Galiber is about to resume hostilities. Nor is there any news of importance from Tonquin, while the negotiations with China are still *in statu quo*. The full text of the Hué Treaty has now been published, but contains little more than we learned some months since by the telegraphic summary.

In SPAIN the long-pending Ministerial crisis came to a close last week, resulting in the resignation of Señor Sagasta and the whole of the Cabinet. The ostensible cause was the action of the Foreign Minister, the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo, who had warmly taken up the quarrel with France, and had ordered the Spanish Ambassador at Paris to leave that capital, an order which the Duke of Fernan Nuñez declined to obey. Thereupon the Ministerial crisis became more acute, and the Cabinet placed its resignation in the King's hands. Señor Sagasta declined the Royal request to form a new Cabinet, and recommended his Sovereign to send for Señor Posada Herrera, the President of the Congress, whom it was hoped could form a Ministry of Conciliation formed of representatives from the various Liberal groups and of the Dynastic Left party. Señor Sagasta promised him his cordial support, and after some days' delay the following Cabinet was announced:—Señor Posada Herrera, President of the Council; Señor Moret, Home Minister; General Lopez Domingues, War Minister; Señor Linares Rivas, Minister of Justice; Marquis Sardoal, Minister of Commerce; Señor Gallostra, Minister of Finance; Señor Inclán, Minister of the Colonies; Admiral Valcarcel, Marine Minister; and Señor Ruiz Gomez, Foreign Minister. The four last-named belong to Sagasta's party, while the four first Ministers belong to the Dynastic Left, which agrees to support the Cabinet on the condition that universal suffrage shall form part of the political programme, which will also include a Customs Union with Portugal, and the conclusion of a Treaty of Commerce with England. A conciliatory policy towards France is also to be adopted, while Señor Moret himself has stated that the financial policy will resemble that put forth some time since by Señor Camacho; above all, "strict fulfilment of our engagements." Amongst other changes, the posts of Captains-General and of Military Governors of Provinces, who generally do their utmost to thwart any reform enacted by the Minister of War, will be abolished.

In AUSTRIA there has been plenty of movement, both in Royal and political circles. The Hungarian Lower House has been electing its members for the Delegation, and discussing the Budget, which, as usual, shows a considerable deficit, though somewhat less than last year, and for which it is proposed to provide an enhanced income tax. The Upper House has duly passed Herr Tisza's resolution respecting the escutcheons in Croatia; and in Agram, on Tuesday, the obnoxious bilingual inscriptions were formally removed

from the Government Offices in the presence of the Government Commissary, escorted by a detachment of troops with a military band. The Emperor, after entertaining the Kings of Saxony and Greece at Vienna, last week, went to Gödollo, and thence on Tuesday to Szegedin, which, almost entirely destroyed by the floods in 1879, has now been rebuilt and transformed into a handsome modern city, while important protective works have been constructed to prevent a recurrence of the disaster. The Emperor was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

In RUSSIA the Nihilists seem to be again prominently coming to the fore. Thus the date of the return of the Czar from Copenhagen was kept profoundly secret, while great police precautions were pursued until the Royal couple were safely lodged in their palace at Peterhof. A new Nihilist organ is announced, entitled *Westnik Narodnoi Voli* (*Messenger of the Will of the People*). It is to be published every two months either at London or Geneva. The Nihilists have also issued a manifesto claiming Tourgenieff as a genuine member of their party, and publishing a poem stated to have been written by him in favour of their cause. On Thursday the foundation-stone of the new Church of the Resurrection, to be built on the spot where the late Czar was assassinated, was to be laid by the Emperor.—A terrible accident has taken place in a synagogue at Zwinka, Podolia, where an unfounded alarm of fire excited a panic in which forty women were killed and thirty others injured.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from ITALY that the long-promised tomb of King Victor Emmanuel is to be erected in the centre of the Pantheon—a decision greatly regretted by all archaeologists. There have been disastrous floods near Brindisi.—In HOLLAND a statue of Count John of Nassau has been unveiled by the King at Utrecht.—In BELGIUM the new Palais de Justice at Brussels, has been opened by the King with great ceremony. On Wednesday the King and Queen went to Amsterdam on a visit to the King and Queen of the Netherlands.—In PORTUGAL there has been a peasant riot near Valença-do-Minho which at one time seemed likely to assume serious proportions. The police, however, ultimately restored order.—From ASIA MINOR comes news of a very serious earthquake at Tchesme, near Smyrna. The villages throughout the district have been almost destroyed, and there has been great loss of life. The surviving inhabitants are houseless and in great distress, and an appeal for help has been issued by the Porte.—In EGYPT the cholera has now virtually disappeared. The German Sanitary Commission, under Dr. Koch, having finished their labours, have received permission from the German Government to continue their researches in India, as they claim to have discovered a new and peculiar micro-organism which may have something to do with the propagation of cholera.—The Soudan Expedition, on October 10, was at Sange Hamferid Camp, forty-five miles south-west of Duem. The enemy was retreating, but the troops were suffering from want of water.—In INDIA the sole topic is the Ilbert Bill.—There is serious news from Hayti, where the rebels are stated to have half destroyed Port-au-Prince. Moreover at Jacmel a British steamer, *Alps*, has been fired at by the rebels. She had been ordered there by the British Consul to embark some refugees, but shortly after her arrival the Government fort opened fire, and the British Consul was compelled for safety to get off under the American flag. The *Alps* was but little injured, and at once steamed for Kingston.—In SOUTH AFRICA Cetewayo has at last surrendered to the British Resident, Mr. Osborne, and is now in Natal. The King's wounds are said to be better.



THE Queen and the members of the Royal Family now at Balmoral have been making numerous excursions in the neighbourhood. Thus, while Her Majesty and the ex-Empress Eugénie drove to the Linn of Murch, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Irene of Hesse had a picnic at the Linn of Dee, whence they walked to the Falls of Quoich. The Queen has also called on the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, at Abergeldie Mains, and has given a series of small dinner-parties, where the chief guests have been the ex-Empress Eugénie and her suite, the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, Sir E. Malet, and Captain and Miss Farquharson. On Sunday Divine Service was performed as usual in the Castle by the Rev. Dr. Lees, who afterwards joined the Royal party at dinner. Probably Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice will remain at Balmoral until November 23.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their family have returned home after two months' stay abroad. The Royal gathering at Copenhagen broke up yesterday (Friday) week with the departure of the Czar and Czarina, the Prince and Princess of Wales lunching with them previously on board the Russian yacht *Derjava*, and the Prince and Princess themselves left on Monday afternoon. They crossed in the *Dannebrog* from Korsør to Lübeck, whence they travelled by rail to Flushing, and then went on board the *Osborne*, arriving at Queenboro' on Wednesday morning. The Prince and Princess will shortly go to Sandringham, but will not entertain any visitors until November 5th, when they will have the usual house-party and a ball on the 9th prox. The following week they will visit the Earl of Fife at Duff House. The Prince will also be in London on the 31st inst. to close formally the Fisheries Exhibition and distribute the awards.—Prince Albert Victor has now entered into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he holds the position of a Pensioner, not a Fellow Commoner. Although accompanied by his governor, the Rev. J. N. Dalton, the Prince will be under the tutorship of Mr. J. Prior, and he occupies rooms in Neville's Court, on the same staircase as Professor Stuart and Sir W. Harcourt. Except his father, the Prince is the only member of the Royal Family who has studied at Cambridge during the present reign.—Prince George reached Halifax from Montreal at the end of last week, and leaves to-day (Saturday) for the Bermudas. Whilst stationed at Montreal the young Prince accompanied Princess Louise to Niagara, and a grand ball was given in his honour.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her children narrowly escaped a serious accident whilst driving recently near Coburg, according to a German journal. The horses took fright and ran away, being checked only by collision with a tree, which damaged the carriage but left the occupants uninjured.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught start from England on November 1st, leave Brindisi on the 5th, and reach Bombay on the 20th, when the Duke will visit Lord Ripon in Cashmere before taking up his command of the Meerut Division.—The Duke and Duchess of Albany left Leeds for Huddersfield on Saturday, where they inspected the Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, opened Beaumont Park, were present at a grand luncheon in the Town Hall, and received the customary address and various musical greetings from choirs stationed along the streets. Later they went to stay with Mr. Beaumont at Whitley Beaumont, where there was a dinner and reception. On Sunday the Duke attended Divine Service at Kirkheaton Church, and on Monday again went to Huddersfield to receive an address from the West Yorkshire Freemasons. Subsequently he was joined by the Duchess, and the Royal visitors were escorted by 600

Freemasons to the station on their way to London. In the evening they went to the Savoy Theatre.—Canada has begun her farewell greetings to the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. They have now gone to Montreal, where a grand ball has been given and valedictory addresses presented.



CRYSTAL PALACE.—We have already described the music to be given at the opening concert for the season, and may repeat that the programme was discreetly chosen, with an eye to contrast and variety. Some probably thought that the new pianoforte concerto by Dvorák would have sufficed, without the strange and eccentric overture which Berlioz entitles *Le Roi Lear*; while others might entertain an opinion that a Wagner prelude would have been preferable to the "Jubilee" for the Saxon Frederic Augustus, at the end of which he makes a brilliant *coda* with the aid of our English National Anthem. The majority, however, of the audience (which we should like to have seen a large one on such an occasion) were clearly satisfied with their entertainment; and that alone should content Mr. Manns, the conductor. It was owing possibly to Mr. Oscar Beringer that the pianoforte piece found its way into the scheme; and right worthily did that clever gentleman fulfil his task as executant; nothing, indeed, could have been much better. Nevertheless, the concerto is an unequal work, and it is agreeable to be reminded by "C. A. B." its ingenious analyser, on Saturday's programme, that it is also a comparatively early one. In spite of the excellent playing, it created but little impression, and is not likely, we fancy, to obtain many successive hearings. The great manifestation of the day, as is almost invariably the case, was for the Symphony—the "No. 4" of Beethoven (B flat)—a more spirited and characteristic interpretation of which can hardly be remembered, even at Sydenham. The overtures, too, were well rendered, that of Weber especially, the gloomy *réverie* of Berlioz, with its singular orchestration, offering still more knotty points to unravel. This would have had a fairer chance, perhaps, of being understood had it been placed at the beginning, instead of at the end, of the selection. Mrs. Hutchinson gave both her songs with the utmost good taste, though a little more expression might have been welcome in the first (from Handel's *Il Penseroso*). The second was the setting of Roger de Beauvoir's *Zaïde*, in which Berlioz employs the rhythm of the *bolero*, with accompaniment of castanets, for which the lady won a "recall." It was odd, at the same time, to place *Zaïde* immediately before *King Lear*—a contrast so marked as almost to verge upon the absurd. With regard to the second concert (to-day), it needs merely to call attention to the fact that the late Joachim Raff's Tenth Symphony (in F minor) will be heard for the first time in England. The title of this symphony is *Zur Herbstzeit* ("Autumn"), and its *opus* number is "213." It is a pity Raff did not, at the most, compose about half as many pieces. He was what Mendelssohn used to term "prodigal."

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Little is necessary to add to what has already been conveyed to our readers on the subject of this remarkably successful meeting, upon the incidents connected with which our contemporaries, not only in the capital, but more or less in all the busiest parts of the Kingdom, have been so eulogistic and profuse. Leeds has fairly established a "Triennial Festival" about which all the world of music speaks; and the fame of her chorus-singers, and their unrivalled voices has again travelled far and wide. It remains for active promoters of the cause, by combined efforts in the direction they have wisely chosen, to advance still further—towards which end they possess all the indispensable material, besides the requisite means of disposing of it to the best advantage. Of the new works heard last week, two—Mr. Joseph Barnby's Psalm and Sir George Macfarren's unanimously acclaimed oratorio—will be more or less shortly produced in London, *King David* being already announced both for the first of Mr. Willing's series of concerts and for the first opening concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society. On the first occasion the performance is to be directed by Sir Arthur Sullivan himself (a manifest gain), on the second by Mr. Charles Hallé, to whom we are indebted for *St. John the Baptist*. Raff's "Oratorio-Symphony" *The World's End*, may be safely counted on at the Crystal Palace, the Royal Albert Hall, or elsewhere near at hand; while Mr. Alfred Cellier's setting of Gray's "Elegy," if we are rightly informed (which we sincerely trust may be the case) will be heard some time hence at St. James's Hall. For these separate occurrences we can afford to wait for further confirmation of public opinion.

SIGNOR SCHIRA.—The death of this esteemed composer and professor of the vocal art, which occurred last Monday morning at his residence in Welbeck Street, will be generally regretted. He had but recently come back from a visit to his relations at Milan, and died soon after his return. For upwards of forty years Francesco Schira, who received his early academic education at the Conservatorio di Milan, has been a prominent figure in the musical world of this city, where he enjoyed high consideration, and moved in the best circles. He was at various periods *chef d'orchestre* at the Princess's, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden Theatres. He composed several operas among us, the most important of which was *Niccolò de' i Lappi*, founded upon the celebrated Italian historical romance of that name, and many others in Portugal, Italy, &c., the last being *Selvaggio*, which obtained marked success in Venice and other cities. *Niccolò de' i Lappi* was given at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, with Tietjens, Trebelli, Giuglini, and Santley in the cast; but *Selvaggio* has never been heard, we believe, out of Italy. His vocal fugitive pieces were numerous, and not a few of them obtained wide popularity. His death was quite unanticipated; and, if simply on that account, will be the more deeply lamented. Schira was the recipient of several distinguished honours from the Italian Government.

WAIFS.—The report that Johannes Brahms had intended permanently to take up his abode at Wiesbaden is contradicted. After a fixed sojourn at the well-known Rhine-Spa, he returns to his old quarters in Vienna.—Signor Tamberlik's operatic tour in Spain having come to a successful conclusion, the distinguished Roman tenor is spending his holiday in Paris.—Miss Josephine Yorke, late of Mr. Carl Rosa's operatic company, is engaged as one of Mr. Mapleson's chief contraltos for the New York Academy of Music.—Mr. J. Carrodus played the *obbligato* accompaniment to the "Benedictus" of Beethoven's great Mass, on Saturday, at the Leeds Festival, on his recently acquired Stradivarius.—Mr. Howard Reynolds, having recovered from his late indisposition, retains his position as solo cornet at Mr. Gwyllym Crowe's Covent Garden Concerts.—Madame Pauline Lucca makes her *résumé* at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna, on the 27th inst., the opera selected for her being Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew* (*Widerspenstiger Züchmung*), in which Madame Minnie Hauk found so many admirers at Her Majesty's Theatre.—The Government veto being withdrawn, Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Kalaschnika, the Merchant*, is to be performed both in St. Petersburg and Moscow.—A new and commodious theatre was opened on the 26th ult. at Richenberg, in Bohemia.—The management of the Polish theatre at Posen has been confided to the Editor of the *Dziennik Posen*, a leading Polish journal (!). All then will be safe in that direction.—The *Akzte* of Gluck (to which his

celebrated letter on the lyric drama serves as preface) was performed on the 30th ult., under the direction of Herr Frank, for the first time, at the Royal Theatre in Hanover. We fear Wagner will, for a time at least, drive Gluck from the stage; and yet from Gluck he derived most of his doctrines (though he does not quite exactly practise what he preached).—Bizet's *Carmen* is being given at the Strassburg Theatre, for the first time in the German tongue.—The Abbé Liszt is rapidly completing his oratorio, *Stanislas*.—The Teatro Nuovo, at Padua, is henceforth to take the name of the Teatro Verdi. Good. "Nuovo" signifies new for a time; "Verdi" signifies new (more or less) for all time.—Gounod has completed the modifications in his early opera, *Sapho*, and is now wholly engrossed by his new oratorio, *Mors et Vita*, for the Birmingham Festival of 1885.—The Katamotomura Theatre, at Yokohama (Japan) has been entirely destroyed by fire, many lives being lost.—There are twenty-three theatres at present open in Paris.—By her performance at Brighton Hall on Tuesday of Schubert's Fantasia Sonata Miss Alice Aloof proved herself to be a pianist of high promise. Miss Edith Aloof has a clear and powerful voice, though Handel's song, "From Mighty Kings," was rather beyond so young an artist.—Mr. Edward Oxenford's new operetta, *This House to Let*, music by Mr. Jacques Greebe, will be produced at the Brighton Aquarium this (Saturday) evening. The principal rôle will be sustained by Madame Cave Ashton.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

It was in 1875 that Anthony Trollope began his autobiography; he finished it in the following year, and left directions that it should be published as soon as possible after his death. The book will be read with general curiosity, for it is the record of a busy life told by a man whose capacity for work far exceeded that of most men, and who by his own account owed all his successes to industry rather than to talent. Those stories are always fascinating which relate how a man won name and fortune by sheer hard work; but there are talents of body as well as of mind, and Trollope's power of writing so many lines every day under any circumstances—even, as he tells us, during the intervals of sea-sickness—was a truly wonderful gift. So was Trollope's sanguine temperament, which enabled him to persevere under failures which would have exhausted the patience of ordinary persons so sensitive as he declares himself to have been. Trollope's start in life was wretched; no schoolboy of fiction had more to endure than he during the twelve miserable years which he spent at Harrow and Winchester. The son of a Chancery barrister who was plagued with an uncontrollable temper, and got ruined, partly through that temper, which scared attorneys away, and partly through foolish speculation, Anthony was first sent to Harrow when he was seven years old. After five years he migrated to Winchester as a Foundationer, and, at sixteen, having no chance of being promoted to New College, was put back to Harrow. His father gave him no pocket-money, and allowed him to go dressed in such squalid fashion that he excited the angry contempt of his comrades and masters. Dr. George Butler, Head Master of Harrow (whose son holds the same post now), once stopped him in the street and asked with indignation whether "it was possible that Harrow School was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy?" At one time, Anthony's father living three miles from the school, the boy had to walk that distance four times a day, going to and fro in all weathers, often with broken boots and tattered trousers. He was "poor, dirty, and ugly," as he says; his schoolfellows treated him as a pariah, and excluded him from their amusements. He won no prizes; no master taking any interest in him, he did his work badly; the solitary triumph of his school days was that once, when goaded to madness by ill-treatment, he turned upon a bully and gave him such a terrific thrashing that the boy had to be sent home for nursing. The complete ruin of Anthony's father caused the whole Trollope family to go to Bruges; and it was then that Mrs. Trollope, who had been to America to help in establishing one of her sons in business, brought herself into sudden renown by publishing her amusing and spiteful book, "The Domestic Manners of the Americans." Americans may be disposed to forgive the poor lady for this book when they hear that the 800*l.*, which she received for it within a year, were absolutely necessary to enable her to support her dying husband and two of her children, who were also dying of consumption. During these sad days at Bruges Anthony Trollope received the offer of a commission in the Austrian Army. It is not probable that the secret ambition which was already urging him towards a literary career would have been checked if he had become an Austrian officer, but it might be amusing to speculate on the kind of novels which he would eventually have written had he gained his first experiences of manhood as a soldier. As it was, he preferred to take a clerkship in the London Post Office, and almost immediately became entered in the bad books of that department as an unpunctual, saucy, and unprofitable servant. Rowland Hill had a grudge against him, and Colonel Maberly, the principal secretary, thought it seemly on a certain occasion to put an affront upon him, which Trollope resented with the same spirit which he had displayed against the bully at Harrow. However, this led to a good result, for the authorities at St. Martin's were so anxious to get rid of him that they granted his application to be appointed Assistant-Surveyor in Ireland, and from this time all things went well with the future novelist. His income rose abruptly from 100*l.* to 400*l.*; he lived a comfortable life; he was soon in a position to marry, and he never again knew want. It must be added that he did excellent work for the Post Office, and soon came to be recognised as a valuable servant by his chiefs. He claims amongst other things to have been the introducer of street pillar-boxes.

From his boyhood Trollope had made up his mind to become a novelist, but it was not until after his marriage that he set seriously to work, and produced his first book, "The Macdermots of Ballycloran." As regards pecuniary profits it was a complete failure. He tried again, and his second novel, "The Kellys," published in 1848, had no better luck than the first, while his third, "La Vendée," which appeared in 1850, might be called still-born, for no critic ever condescended to notice it. That Trollope should not have been disheartened by all this stamps his character as one of the highest manliness. Nine years after he had begun to write, his accumulated earnings barely reached 50*l.*; and he was just forty years old when the publication of "The Warden" turned the tide of his ill-fortune. From that date he got annually increasing prices for the novels which flowed in such quick succession from his prolific pen, and a schedule printed in the second volume of his autobiography shows that his gains as an author up to 1879 amounted to about 70,000*l.* There is a danger that this large figure may tempt young literary aspirants to try and follow some misleading advice which Trollope repeats rather too often about literary production. Because Trollope himself could write from 5 to 8 A.M. every morning, coining his 250 words in a quarter of an hour with mechanical regularity; because he could compose his chapters in railway carriages and steamship cabins, he lays down the untenable proposition that novel-writing is like boot-making, and demands little but assiduity and daily work. This is not shrewd in a man who prided himself on his knowledge of human nature; and, since Trollope has sermonised a good deal on the subject of literary honesty, we cannot forbear from observing that he seems to have acted often more generously towards

himself than justly by some of his publishers. Much of the work that he did was poor stuff, and he confesses it; but the avowal would have come with better grace if the writer had been able to add that he, on all occasions, brought the best of his critical judgment to bear upon his compositions before selling them. One or two passages in this autobiography are likely to give offence to persons who had dealings with the author, which he explains from his own point of view; but the general tone of the work is genial, and must help to make Trollope appear personally lovable to those who knew him only by his novels. His remarks on men and things are made with a playful earnestness, and from many little episodes which he relates we are able to judge of his kindness of heart. If Anthony Trollope was not a great man he was at least one of whom his countrymen may be proud, for, to say nothing of his talents, he had in him many of the best qualities which are characteristic of the English race.

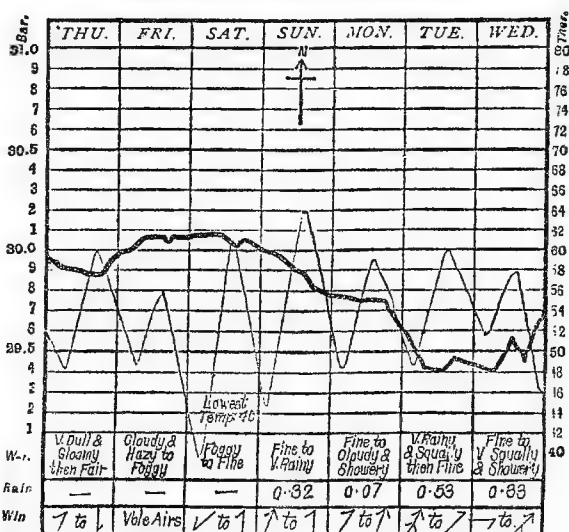
LIFE IN THE COREAN CAPITAL is certainly not suited to Sybarites, according to the report of the new American Minister to that curious kingdom. The only house he could find was a rude wood and paper building, with paper windows, most unpleasantly situated amidst dirt and wretched hovels. Except the bare necessities all food must be brought from abroad; pine-boughs are the sole fuel, and the climate is remarkable for its extremes of heat and cold.

A WORKING MAN'S SCHOOL is now being tried experimentally in New York for the practical training of children who must earn their living by manual labour. The children are received very young, the *American Architect* tells us, and after a brief stay in a Kindergarten they are placed in a workshop and set to draw the elevation of a house from a model, afterwards reproducing the figures in clay. As they improve they are taught to draw the different parts of the house, and subsequently to model them in clay or pasteboard, the young ones shaping the clay with the hand or with wooden tools, while the elders are trusted with steel instruments. The usual school tasks of reading, geography, &c., are not forgotten, and during the holidays the children are taken to a farm, where they are instructed in agricultural work.

STRICT SABBATARIANISM prevails at Hanau, near Frankfurt, where a straitlaced magistrate has revived some forgotten Sunday laws dating from 1801. By these the unlucky inhabitants are forbidden on the Sabbath to walk unnecessarily in the streets, to sit out in front of their houses, to count their sheep, to require payment of their debts, or even to push or jostle in a crowd on entering or leaving church. Such restrictions are all the more irksome to people accustomed to the Continental free Sunday, particularly at the present time, when some relaxation of Sunday observance is being so vigorously agitated. Thus now the Australians are anxious for Sabbath recreation, and Melbourne is busy with petitions and meetings favouring the opening of the Melbourne Public Library on Sunday afternoons. The experiment has already proved very successful in respect to the National Gallery and Technological Museum.

A SANITARY INSPECTOR IN THE CHARACTER OF A WIZARD is a somewhat novel notion, particularly when it is entertained not in benighted Cairo, but in enlightened New York. According to the *Sanitary Engineer* of that city, a respectable coloured woman applied to the judge in one of the Courts for protection from "two devils" who had bewitched her. She described the devils as appearing like white men, one of them carrying a yellow valise, and the other a red one. They cast their eyes upon her in a sinister manner, so that she was alarmed, and went after a charm to avert the evil influence. She touched them with the charm as an exorcism, but they only laughed, and opening the valises took out a powder, which they sprinkled about the door. Some of the powder fell upon her, and she had a return of the horrible pains which the incantations of coloured people had brought upon her on another occasion. The judge, on inquiring further into this extraordinary story, ascertained that the "devils" were agents of the Board of Health, engaged in disinfecting the premises, but the prospect of being able to make the victim of their enchantments comprehend their mission seemed rather remote, and he contented himself with advising her to remove her family to another tenement, and to call on him again if the witches still troubled her.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM OCT. 11 TO OCT. 17 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the early part of this period dull and foggy weather prevailed, but during the latter portion changeable conditions, with rain and rough winds, have been experienced. This latter state of affairs has been due to the advance to our north-western and western coasts of depressions from the Atlantic, their subsequent movements being chiefly north-easterly. Pressure distribution over the United Kingdom throughout Thursday and Friday (11th and 12th inst.) was singularly uniform, and fog or mist, with calms and light airs, was very general. On Saturday (13th inst.) a rather deep depression lay off our north-west coasts, but its influence was not felt near London, where the barometer was steady, and a fine day existed. Sunday (14th inst.) found that this disturbance had been joined by another, and gradients becoming fairly steep generally, while fine weather was experienced at first, continuous rain fell during the latter portion of the day, with a strong southerly gale at night. Monday and Tuesday (15th and 16th inst.) saw the advance from our western to north-western coasts of another depression, causing a general fall in the barometer, and heavy rainfall, with squally winds and changeable weather. Wednesday's (17th inst.) chart showed that this disturbance was moving away eastward, while some indications existed of another coming in from the west. The barometer was highest (30.08 inches) on Saturday (13th inst.); lowest (29.42 inches) on Wednesday (17th inst.); range, 0.66 inch. Temperature was highest (64°) on Sunday (14th inst.); lowest (40°) on Saturday (13th inst.); range, 24°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 1.23 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.53 inch, on Tuesday (16th inst.).



LORD COLERIDGE'S RECEPTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES reached their climax last week in that given him by the State Bar Association of New York, in the Academy of Music, on the 12th. The foremost representatives of Law, Literature, and Commerce in the State and in the City were present on the occasion, as well as many distinguished visitors from Europe. In his speech Lord Coleridge declared that the sight in all America which had most impressed him was not the vastness of the country or the colossal fortunes of a few, but the strength of its upper and lower middle classes, owners of their own farms, their own houses, their own cottages, a class which is satisfied in times of peace and irresistible in times of war. No Englishman, says the *Tribune*, has made a better impression in the States than the Chief Justice.

CATHERINE FLANAGAN, the woman suspected of having poisoned several persons at Liverpool, whose lives had been previously insured in various benefit societies, has been arrested at Wavertree, and was brought before the stipendiary magistrate on Wednesday, on a charge of having caused the death of Thomas Higgins, a bricklayer's labourer, by administering to him arsenic. Margaret Higgins, the dead man's widow, was also placed in the dock on the same charge. Thomas's brother, Patrick, had caused inquiries to be made which led to a post-mortem examination by order of the Coroner, when arsenic was found in the stomach of the deceased. The prisoners were remanded till Tuesday next.

GEORGE WARDEN, the fraudulent secretary of the River Plate Bank, who had been remanded on the previous day, and J. Davis Watters, his assistant in disposing of the stolen securities on the Stock Exchange, were both brought up on Wednesday at the Guildhall. The former, who had acknowledged on the previous day that he had no defence, was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court, and was then called as a witness against Watters, who had been, according to him, his accomplice throughout, from the time when he lent Warden money to cover his losses in an unsuccessful speculation to the moment when he gave him 200*l.* to enable him to escape. An arrangement, it seems, is possible with the holders of pledged securities, by which they are given back for a day or two against cheques, and thus the auditors of the bank in the year before found nothing missing. Discovery was caused through one of the holders this year refusing to accept any except bankers' cheques. After a long and interesting series of disclosures Watters was remanded till next week. On Saturday he had filed a petition for liquidation, in which his liabilities were stated to be 40,000*l.*, and his assets 300*l.*

THE INQUEST on the head of a child of seven or eight, found in a house at Mile End, has ended in an open verdict. No trace of the rest of the body has been discovered.

WALSH, SMITH, AND HALL, the three men arrested in Southampton Row for being in possession of burglarious implements at night, have been sentenced at the Central Criminal Court, the two first to ten, the third, against whom there was no previous conviction, to five years' penal servitude. A reward of 3*l.* was awarded by the Recorder to Policemen Cook and Cooper, who were severely injured in effecting the arrest.—Lord Truro's delinquent valet was sentenced this week to four years.

THE SUMMONS taken out by the Board of Works against Messrs. Gatti, the owners of the Adelphi, was disposed of last week by Mr. Flowers, after an adjournment from last February. The defendants, it was admitted, had been rather slow in complying with the regulations, notice of which had been served on them in June last year, but they had now done all that was required at an outlay of 6,000*l.*, and the new roof was shown to be fire-resisting. They would therefore only have to pay 3*l.*, the cost of the repeated adjournments.

THE TRADITIONAL MERRY SWISS BOY does not seem to appreciate a joke, to judge by a recent story in the *American Register*. Thus, a lighthearted Reichenberger on April Fool's Day endeavoured to "sell" his fellow-citizens by issuing a comic banknote inscribed as follows:—"The District Fool's Bank of Nowhere will pay on presentation of this banknote the sum of One Hundred Francs on April 1st, Anno Lordknowswhen. Prince Carnival, President; Decamped, Cashier." The sides of the note were ornamented with carnivalesque designs, and the words, "Whoever counterfeits these notes will be punishable up to fifteen years' bath-cure at Ragatz." The town authorities, however, indicted the joker for uttering a counterfeit note, and the Schwyz Criminal Court has just condemned the unlucky being to a year's imprisonment in a workhouse.

ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.—The report for the current year states that the number of centres and branches now established at home and abroad amounts to 190; while, in addition, many hundreds of "detached classes" for both sexes have been held in the United Kingdom, the Continent, and the Colonies, among the more recent foreign centres being Gibraltar, Bombay, and the "Victoria centre," Australia. During the year 9,069 certificates have been awarded, of which 1,139 were to women for the nursing course, 3,322 to women for the "first aid" course, and 4,603 to men, making a grand total of at least 70,000 certificates issued since the institution of the Association in 1877. At one centre alone (Middlesbro'-on-Tees) eighteen classes, numbering 600 pupils, were examined in one week. As in previous years, it has been found that those engaged in dangerous occupations, such as colliers, miners, railway employes, factory hands, firemen, &c., show great eagerness in attending the classes, the benefits of which have lately been extended to the police at the Naval Dockyards, the Mercantile Marine, and the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. Amongst various items of the year's work, such as the institution of the "Egyptian Relief Fund," which culminated in the establishment of the Victoria Hospital at Cairo by Viscountess Strangford, and the formation of a Transport Department, the Report states that, by permission of the Commissioner of Works, ambulance stations have been formed at Hyde Park, and litter and material deposited at the lodges at the Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner, in charge of the police, most of whom have attended the classes.

THE DAY OF THE DEAD

THE piety and veneration with which *Le Jour des Morts*, the "Day of the Dead," or "All Souls' Day," is still so punctually observed in France on the 2nd of November in every year, ought to do something towards removing the impression which seems to prevail in England as to the general materialism and immorality of the French. Revivalists and others have selected as a favourite theme for pulpit denunciation the frivolities of Paris, and Mr. Matthew Arnold has said that the French lack morality. Yet the same great critic has, in another place, when writing of the Society of La Chénais, collected around Lamennais in the winter of 1832, advised us not to take our ideas of France from the streets of Paris, from novels, or from the French stage; for "wherever there is a

* "An Autobiography," by Anthony Trollope (2 vols., William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.)



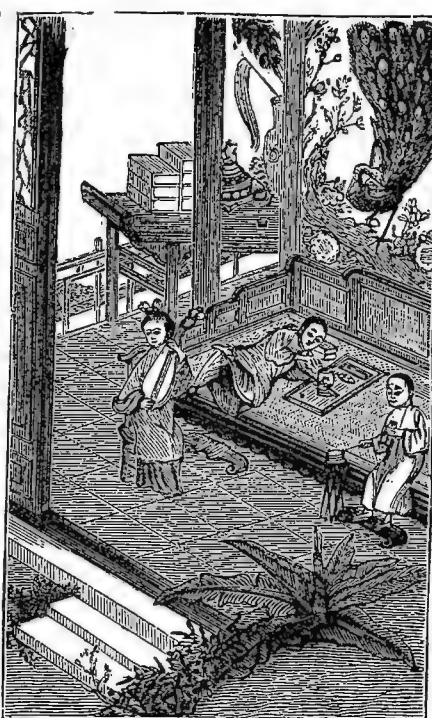
THE FIRST DOWNWARD STEP

The opium-smoker, just making his first essay in the vice, is seen reclining on a costly black wood couch, inlaid with marble, while his companion is indulging in tobacco through the water-pipe common in China.



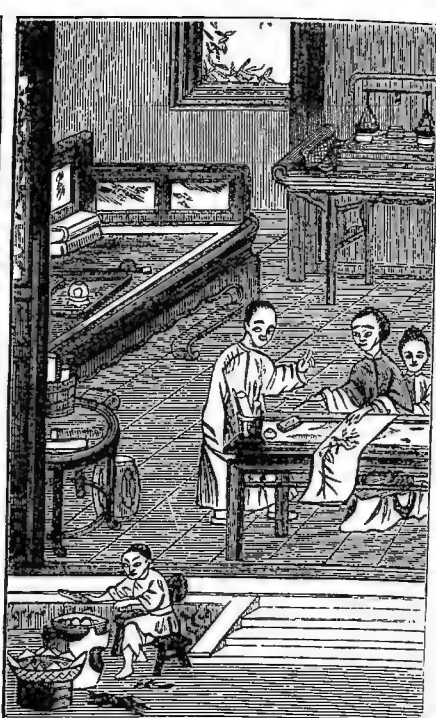
PARENTAL EXPOSTULATIONS

The opium-smoker, who has been detected in his secret indulgences, is now seen kneeling before his father to ask forgiveness and promise amendment. His mother leans on her staff in an adjoining room, and his child runs away with the dreaded pipe.



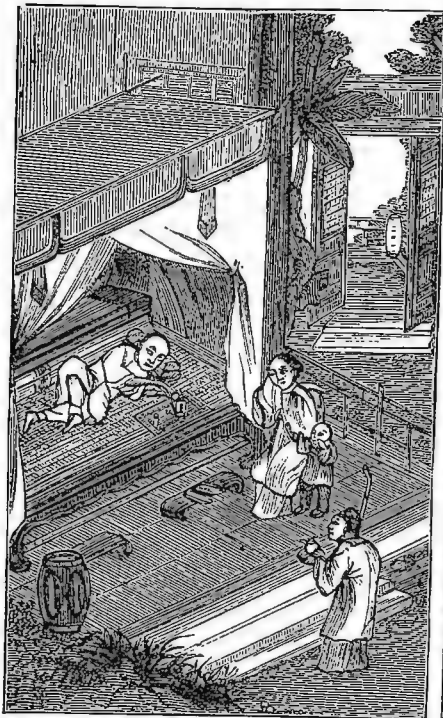
PLEASURE GOES : SORROW COMES

One dissipation leads to another. Demoralised by opium-smoking, he now seeks the society of musicians and singing women, for whose particular companionship he has qualified himself by his vice.



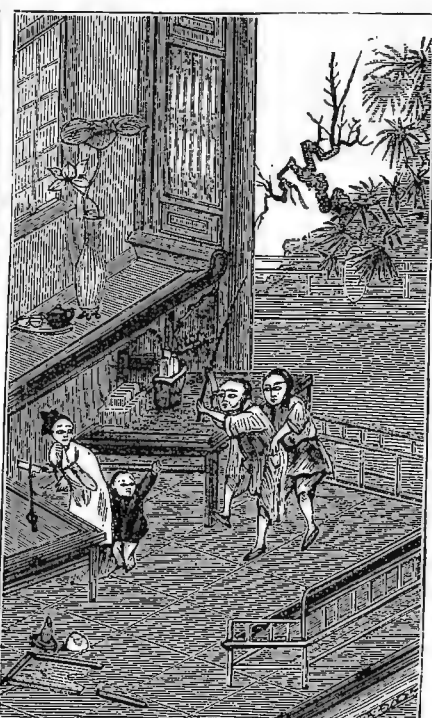
HABIT FIXED : ESTATE RUINED

The wife is painting scrolls for a livelihood, and a servant in the foreground preparing opium by the usual method of boiling for his master's use.



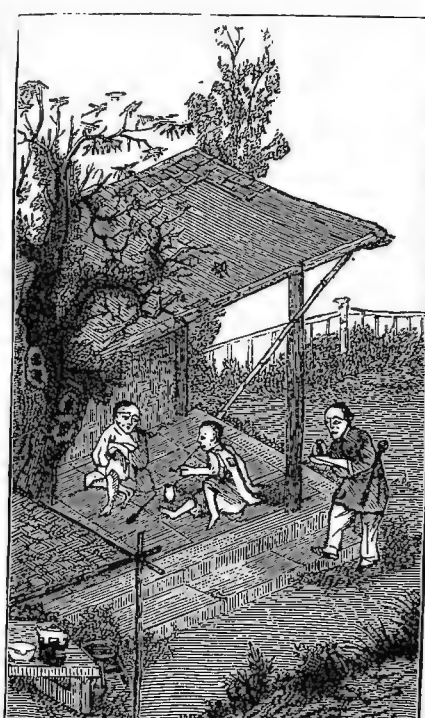
DEAF TO ENTREATY

Wife and child are now seen weeping at the side of the couch. The house is no longer thronged with attendants, and the aged mother brings him tea, leaning on her staff.



RESENTMENTS SOWN

The wife in her indignation dashes the opium utensils to the ground, and prepares to split up the pipe. The husband, outraged by this interference with his pleasures, seizes a bamboo stick and beats her. He is restrained from violence only by some friend or attendant.



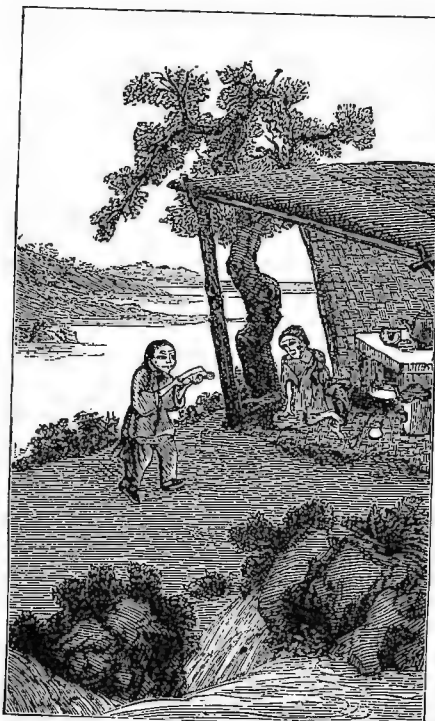
THE OPIUM APPETITE KEENER THAN THAT FOR FOOD

Some old friend or attendant is offering him charity in his retirement. He has lost all appetite, however, for ordinary food.



WEeping OF WIFE AND CHILD

Wife and child look with hopeless sorrow on the living half-naked skeleton of the once portly and well-dressed gentleman.



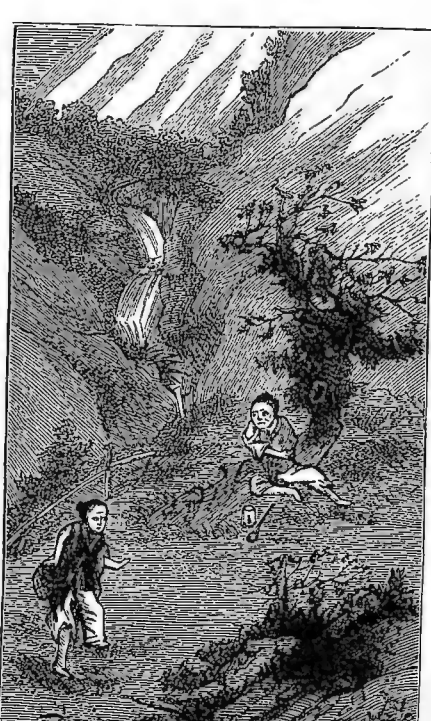
THE EMPTY HOUSE

The comfort and shelter of the paternal home are things of the past. His present home is a partially roofed shed, his cook-house a makeshift arrangement of mats. All the furniture is gone, and he now smokes on the floor.



SELF-INDUCED WRETCHEDNESS

Crime too often follows the destitution caused by opium smoking, for at all costs opium must be had. Possibly the bucket in which the wanderer carries his pipe, and the labourer's hat slung behind him, are both stolen. The very dogs, recognising him for a loafer, give chase.



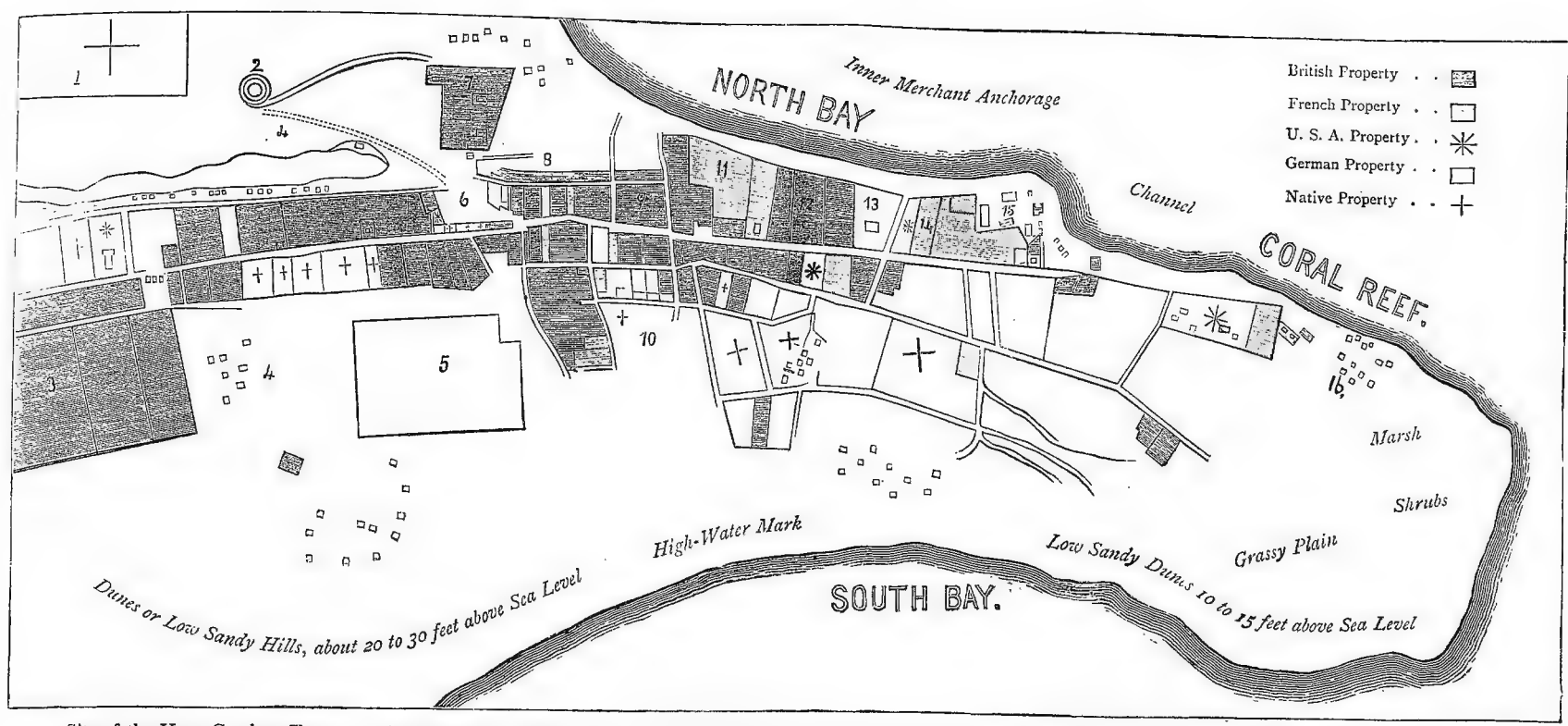
HOMELESSNESS

The downward course of the opium smoker is now very rapid. Exposure to the weather and want of food accelerate the injurious effects of the opium. No one would think of giving a night's shelter to a man whose imperious craving for opium would compel him to rob his benefactor before morning.



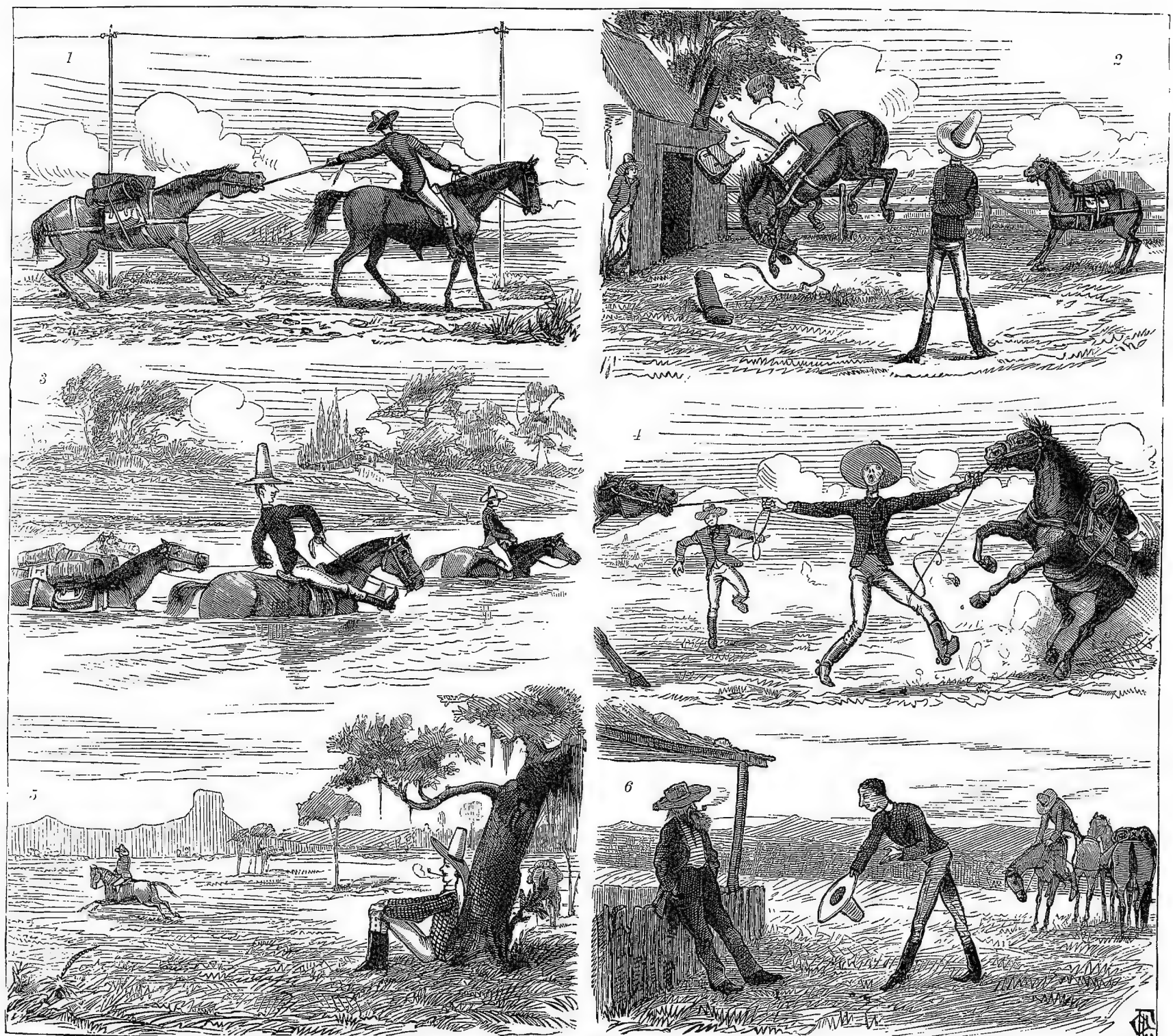
THE END

Winter comes on apace. With trembling steps and a shivering frame, he seeks the shelter of a cave among the rocks, in which he will lie down and die. Nor is he alone in his misery. Thousands of such victims are living, dying, dead. They are to be found everywhere.



1. Site of the Hova Garrison Town.—2. Principal Hova Fort.—3. Mr. Shaw's Compound.—4. Native Huts (Burnt).—5. Foreigners' Cemetery.—6. Cattle Market.—7. Anglican Mission.—8. Indian Shops.—9. British Consulate.—10. Site of Native Town (Burnt).—11. French Catholic Mission.—12. British Consul's House and Compound.—13. German Consulate.—14. French Consulate.—15. Customs.—16. Huts of Native Town

THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR—PLAN OF TAMATAVE, SHOWING THE AMOUNT OF PROPERTY OWNED BY DIFFERENT NATIONS



1. The New Chum's Pack-Horse Declines to be Led.—2. And then Disposes of His Pack.—3. Crossing the Macintyre: Hold Your Legs Up Like Mine.—4. An Awkward Predicament.—5. Scouting to Find the Track Lost in Coming over the "Blue Nobbie Run."—6. Astonishing the Bushman: "Kindly Inform Me if this is the Way to Warroo."

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM QUEENSLAND TO SYDNEY WITH A NEW CHUM

greatness like that of France, there are, as its foundations, treasures of fervour, pure-mindedness, and spirituality somewhere, whether we know them or not; a store of what Goethe calls *Halt*, since greatness can never be founded on frivolity and corruption."

Now this is a large and liberal view to take of the French, and it is also true, as any one who has had close experience of French life in the provinces can testify. Frivolity is chiefly to be found in festive and cosmopolitan Paris; but, even including the Parisians, the French excel every other nation in their tender respect for the dead. This fact furnishes one of their most brilliant writers, M. Rénan, with a proof that his countrymen are not materialists, but have still a deep belief in idealistic religion, and will not be led from their old paths. There is enough of blatant atheism in France, as in England, and perhaps a greater amount of indifference in matters of religious observance than amongst us who have street preachers at every corner. Yet the French workman, who calls priests bad names, and whose evangel is taken from the "sweetness and light" of the *Lanterne*, goes to the tombs of his departed friends on the 2nd of November, to deposit wreaths of remembrance. He cannot clearly explain why he does so, but the fact remains that, despite all the teaching of the "ready writers and able editors" of the infidel Press, he cannot get fairly rid of what Mr. Goldwin Smith has called "the penumbra of Christian faith and hope." The same feeling animates a good many of the *mondains*, that is to say, the authors, actors, journalists, dandies, and duellists of the Boulevards, as well as their friends, the *charmantes mondaines*, whose actions are so faithfully chronicled by a certain class of papers. Hence one sees, on the anniversary of the dead, the great cemeteries of the French capital—Père la Chaise, Mont Parnasse, and Montmartre, as well as those lying on the borders of the city, such as that of St. Ouen—full of mourners who come laden with souvenirs to be placed on the graves of those of their friends who have "gone before."

Père la Chaise is, of course, the place where the melancholy but impressive spectacle can be best beheld. There are contained the bones of some of the most celebrated men of France. The Panthéon certainly holds the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, David, and Lannes. The "Corsican Usurper" sleeps placidly at the Invalides "after life's fitful fever," and some old soldiers who fought with the remnant of the Great Army at Waterloo still limp to his tomb on the 2nd of November. At St. Denis are deposited whatever mortal relics of the Valois and Bourbon families could be gathered together after the Revolution; and there also Napoleon III. caused a vault to be constructed for his own family. That vault, it is needless to say, is empty still. At Montmartre, or the Northern Cemetery, lie Heine, Murger, Théophile Gautier, Horace Vernet, Delaroche, Offenbach, Samson, Fromental Halévy, the composer, and his brother Léon, who was poet, dramatist, and historian combined. There also lies poor Noriac, the author of "Human Stupidity;" and Siraudin, who ended his strange career of *littérateur* and confectioner in a back street of Batignolles. At Mont Parnasse repose very few people of note with the exception of Jules Sandeau, the early friend of George Sand. The tomb of the once famous Anglo-Indian beauty who became Madame de Talleyrand is also supposed to be there. Michaud, however, says in his "Biographie Universelle" that the tomb bears no inscription, and that the epitaph, if any, has been effaced.

But the great cemetery founded by the Jesuit La Chaise monopolises the most illustrious dust, and here come the relations or the admirers of the brilliant soldiers, statesmen, scholars, and artists who adorn the historic roll of France, to visit the last homes of their friends and favourites. Here lie the most distinguished warriors of Napoleon, the men who fought and conquered for the Republic, the Consulate, and the Empire. Here are Kellerman, who beat the Prussians at Valmy in concert with Dumouriez; Gouvion St. Cyr, the Conqueror of Rossas, Barcelona, and Polotsk; Macdonald, Duke of Tarento, the hero of Splügen and Wagram; Massena, the wine-seller's son from Nice, who was created Duke of Rivoli, and called by his master *l'enfant chéri de la Victoire*; Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt, the fellow student of Napoleon at Brienne, and afterwards one of his most trusted men of war; Ney, *le brave des braves*, the cooper's son, whose career and its unfortunate ending are well known; Grouchy, who came late to Waterloo; Hugo, father of the poet, whom "thirty years of war had spared," but who died after fourteen years of peace; Larrey, the physician of Napoleon. Here is also with kindred dust, that of Béranger; of Scribe; of Madame de Genlis, the supposed mother of the beautiful but ill-fated Pamela, wife of the Irish patriot, Lord Edward Fitzgerald; of La Fontaine; of Molière, *comédie princeps*; of Constant, St. Pierre, Beaumarchais, "the second Voltaire," Saint Simon, Visconti, *doctissimus philologus*, Lamennais, and Alfred de Musset. Here are the bones of Godoy, "Prince of Peace;" of Ledru Rollin, Casimir Périer, and Thiers; of Talma and Rachel, and of the composers, Auber, Bellini, Bizet, Herold, Boieldieu, and his son. To this galaxy of noble names many others might be added, not forgetting those of Abelard and Eloise. In observing the respectful demeanour of the French in visiting their cemeteries; the monuments and tombs smothered in flowers and *immortelles*; the quiet care exhibited in the preservation of graves and headstones, one cannot help feeling that with our neighbours "the dead are dearest, be who will alive." Notwithstanding

all that their poets and philosophers tell them, they still cling to the traditions of Christianity, and are not afraid to keep before their eyes the unwelcome prospect of dissolution. Their poets, especially, are inclined to show them Death in its gloomiest colours, as if there were no hope beyond the grave, and the promise, *Spes illorum immortalitatis plena est*, engraven on the gates of their great cemetery, were a myth. Horace and Catullus have not been more mournfully eloquent in denouncing the "Pale Magician" than French bards from Regnier to De Musset and Gautier. De Musset, in particular, had an intense horror of death, which runs all through his writings, and gives them an unhealthy tinge. This horror increased towards his end, and made his last moments most desolate and unhappy. By writers more Christian in feeling, such as are most of our English poets, Death has been portrayed in a manner more consoling. Yet in England there is really less respect for the dead than in France, and pilgrimages to cemeteries are comparatively unfrequent, so that a Frenchman might be pardoned for even hastily concluding that, after all our parade of religion and morality, we are far greater materialists than his countrymen. W. L.

A PRESENTATION SHIELD

WHEN a frontier difficulty arose some time since between the Argentine Republic and Chili, the mediation of the United States



was offered and accepted—General Thomas Osborn being nominated as the peace-making delegate. He successfully achieved his task, averted a serious war, and so earned the gratitude of both nations. The Government of the Argentine Republic accordingly, in recognition of General Osborn's services, decided to present him with a testimonial in the form of a magnificent shield, and commissioned their Consul in London, M. Paz, to have one expressly designed for the purpose by the late Gustave Doré. This shield is represented in the annexed illustration. It has been modelled and chased by M. Vernier, and manufactured in oxydised silver by M. Froment-Meurice. In the centre is a group representing the reconciliation of Chili and the Argentine Republic under the aegis of the United States, the people of both nations throwing down their warlike weapons and resuming their agricultural implements. Three allegorical subjects surround this group, portraying respectively Agricultural and Industrial Prosperity and Civilisation replacing Barbarism. Surmounting the shield, amid bundles of corn, bunches of grapes, and foliage, is a golden ribbon, with the dedicatory inscription. The cost of the shield, which is 40 inches high by 30 inches wide, is stated to have been 2,400*l*.



THANKS were returned in church last Sunday, by desire of the Bishop of Peterborough, for his "recovery from a long and dangerous illness." The internal abscess is now completely healed. The western piers of the cathedral have been condemned. An additional expense of about 6,000*l*. has thus been thrown upon the Dean and Chapter, to meet which fresh appeals must be made to the public. Of the 60,000*l*. required fully to complete the restoration of the building, only 17,000*l*. has so far been collected.

THE CANONY OF WESTMINSTER, vacated by the elevation of Canon Barry to the See of Sydney, has been bestowed on the Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, the well-known reviser of the New Testament.

THE NAVE of the new parish church of St. Mary, Hammersmith, was consecrated last Saturday by the Bishop of Bedford. The chancel and lofty tower cannot be proceeded with as yet for lack of funds. The church was originally a Chapel-of-Ease to Fulham, and was consecrated by Archbishop Laud in 1631, when no one dreamed that Hammersmith in two centuries and a-half would be a parish of 72,000 souls.

ST. JUDE'S, LIVERPOOL, closed on Sunday last by order of the Bishop, was the scene on Monday of a fierce altercation between Mr. Fitzroy and the curate in charge, Mr. Watson. It had been opened for the solemnisation of a marriage, and Mr. Fitzroy, as soon as he heard of this, came thither in his robes—too late to officiate, but not too late to remonstrate violently with the curate. The latter, according to one account, threatened to knock him down, and went in search of a policeman, who declined to interfere. Mr. Watson now declares that Mr. Fitzroy assaulted him, a charge which the late incumbent persistently denies. Mr. Watson has since obtained a summons against Mr. Fitzroy for an assault.

ON SATURDAY, King Edward the Confessor's Day, his tomb at Westminster was visited by a crowd of Roman Catholic pilgrims, who knelt around it and offered special prayers so quietly that the authorities did not feel called upon to interfere. There is a prophecy, it is said, that the Service of the Mass abolished in England under Edward VI. will be restored by Edward VII.

CARDINAL MANNING left for Rome by the tidal train on Tuesday morning. The day before he received a farewell address from his clergy and from the Superiors of the Seminary of St. Thomas and the Diocesan Colleges of St. Edmund and St. Charles, who were introduced by the Bishop of Amoy.

A DECREE has been issued by the State Council of Neuchâtel expelling Miss Booth and all her foreign co-religionists, and it is further said that M. Audeoud has been warned by the authorities of Geneva that future meetings in his country-house will be broken up by armed force. The Swiss branch of the Evangelical Union has published a lengthy protest against any such violation of the old Swiss principle of religious liberty. At Gravesend, the occupation of the town by a strong detachment of the "Army" met with determined opposition from the roughs, who assaulted the invaders, broke their musical instruments, and in the end succeeded in putting a stop to their processions. The indoor services were conducted peaceably and in good order, and the victorious "Skeleton" Brigade celebrated their victory by a bonfire of tar-barrels in the street. At Willenhall, the General's second son was similarly prevented by the roughs from opening a new hall with the customary processions.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY will hold the first of their six months' mission services in London at the Priory Grounds, Islington, in a temporary iron building, capable of holding 5,000 persons. Their services at Cork after their arrival from America were respectively attended, and followed with much interest.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION, before breaking up, expressed its wish that the Luther Quater-Centenary would be observed in England on a scale worthy of the event commemorated.

THE BISHOPRIC OF CENTRAL AFRICA, vacated by the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Steere, has been, it is said, accepted by the Rev. C. A. Smythies, Vicar of Roath, near Cardiff.

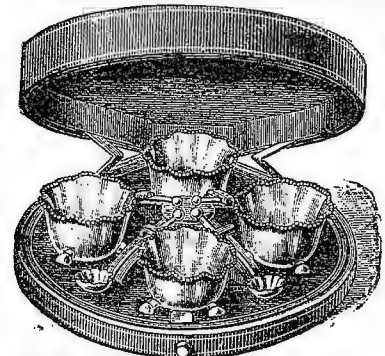
A NEW INDIARUBBER PLANT has been discovered in Southern India—the *Prameria glandulifera*, originally a native of the Cochinchina forests, where its juice is used in medicine. In China, also, under the name of *tuchung*, the bark and twigs are frequent ingredients of the *Materia Medica*, while now in India the plant has been found to yield abundant supplies of pure caoutchouc.

A HIGHLY-CHRISTIAN PRAYER has been composed by a furious Teutonic Anti-Semite, who publishes his effusion in an Ultramontane paper in order that pious Jew-baiters may use the petition. This is how it runs:—"Lord, send us a new Moses to lead his fellow-believers into the Promised Land. May the sea retire afresh and the waters gather together like walls of brass. Then, when all the Jews are in the midst of the passage formed by the sea, order the waters to overwhelm them. Then only will Christians enjoy peace."

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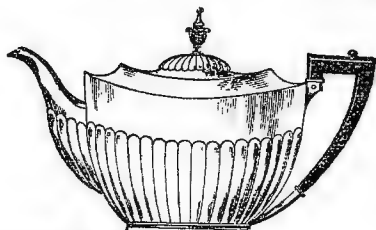
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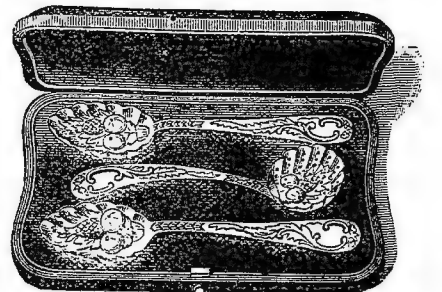
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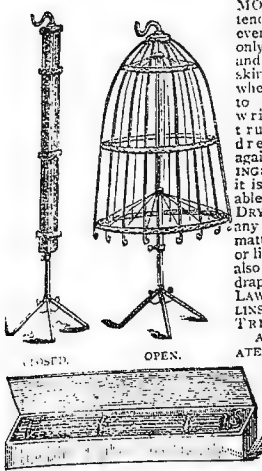


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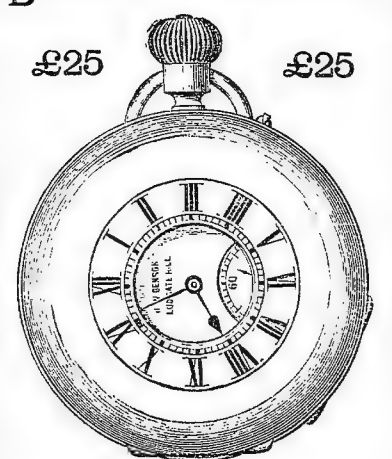
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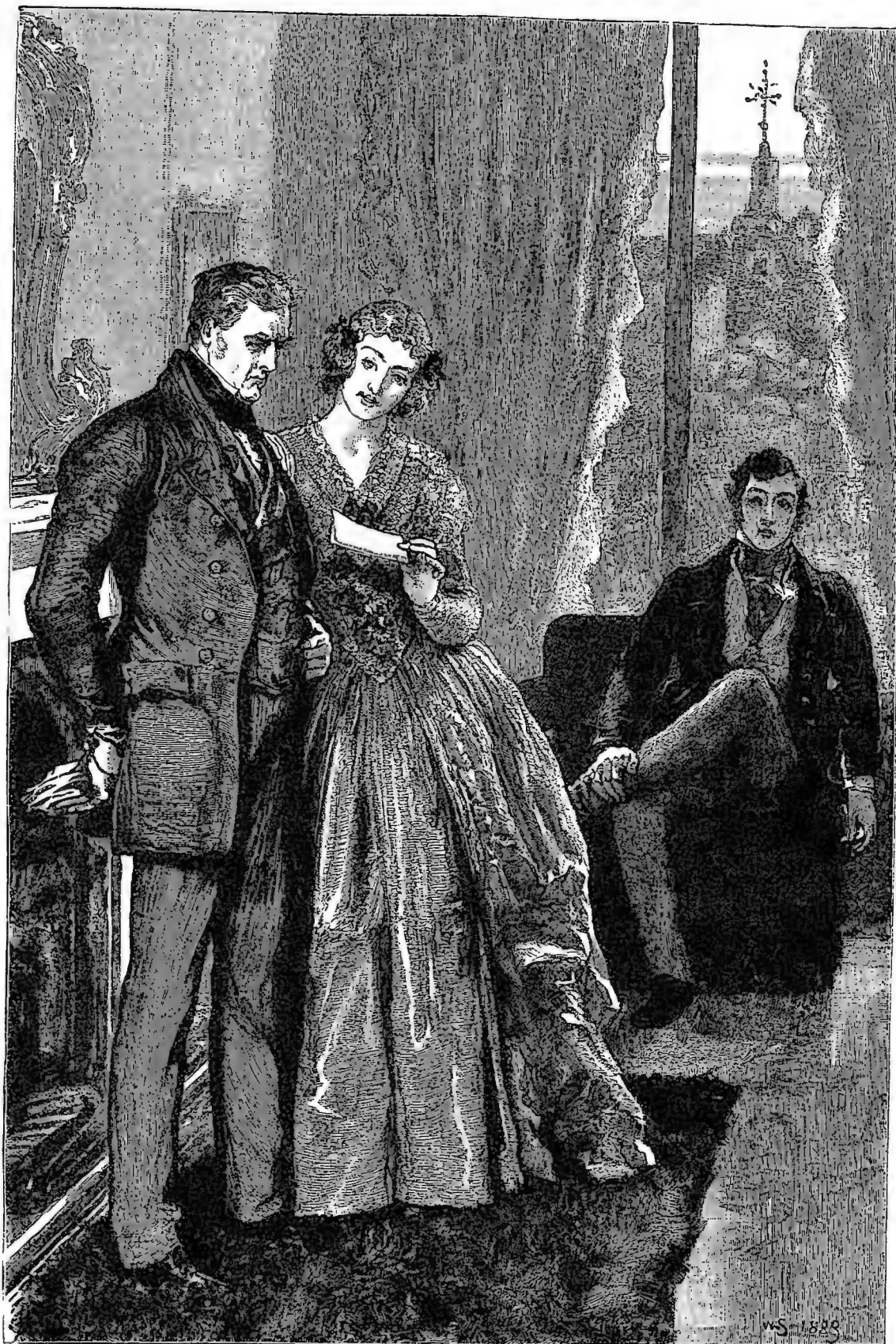
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She laid her hand upon her brother's shoulder.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRANZENSHÖHE IS BEREAVED

I EXPECTED that Lady Constance would catechise me as to what had passed between me and George, and as to the reason of his sudden departure; but she did not do this, nor did she say anything more about going away herself. Lady Constance seldom fulfilled expectation either in word or deed; and this was a constant source of trial to Mr. Sotheran, who hated surprises. Like George, however, he had laid in an ample store of patience, and bore the daily slights and vexations which were inflicted upon him with a stoicism which would have been sublime, if it had not been so exasperating.

I, for my part, was more mercifully treated; though I could not flatter myself that my prospects were any better than his—if indeed they were as good. I don't know whether I was the envy or the laughing-stock of Franzenshöhe at this time:—a little of each, perhaps. That there were many men, young and old, who would gladly have changed places with me I have no doubt; but whether this circumstance prevented them from smiling at the parade which I made of my thralldom I am not equally sure. Once Pemberton asked me if I was not growing rather tired of playing poodle-dog; but I turned upon him so savagely that he formally withdrew the expression, merely observing that I need not bite his leg off in order to prove that I wasn't a poodle. "I used to fetch and carry for her ladyship myself once," said he; "and I got tired of it, or she got tired of me—I don't remember which. But of course it doesn't

follow that the same thing will happen to you. If it is any comfort to you to know that you are having an innings of more than double the usual length, lay that comfort to your soul, and be happy."

Happiness is a term which admits of no absolute definition; therefore I cannot say whether I was happy or not in the early part of the year 1854; but I suspect that I was a good deal less miserable than I should have been willing to allow. The daily round of life at Franzenshöhe provided me, at all events, with what I then considered excitements; and, oddly enough, Lady Constance, too, appeared to be tolerably satisfied with these, and to have no immediate intention of quitting them. But towards the season of the equinox, when a general stirring is observable both in animate and inanimate Nature, she began once more to exhibit unmistakable symptoms of restlessness. First she took it into her head to decline all invitations, refused to see anybody, and absented herself even from the entertainments given at the Legation. Then she suddenly appeared in the world again, and scandalised King Rudolf, who never talked politics, by telling him in the presence of a large and distinguished circle that Socialism would make an end of all German monarchies before the century was out—a remark, by the way, which His Majesty never forgave. Finally, in defiance of Lord Rossan's prohibition, she summoned back the shaggy patriots whom she had so carelessly sent to the right-about some months before, and was for ever holding nocturnal conclaves to which they, and they only, were admitted.

In all these vagaries there was nothing to complain of, so far as I personally was concerned. The chorus of conspirators was often in

my way, it is true; but not more so than the cavalry-officers and Attachés whom it had superseded, and I was thankful for anything that seemed likely to keep Lady Constance at Franzenshöhe. What I omitted to take into account was that subversive schemes, though they might serve well enough to amuse her for a time, could hardly fail to bring her into collision with her brother's authority before very long.

It was my privilege to be a spectator of the inevitable explosion. I was sitting in Lady Constance's drawing-room, one morning in the early spring, when Lord Rossan walked in, with his hands full of official papers and a portentous frown upon his brow. The moment that I saw him I guessed what was the matter, and I shook in my shoes; for I don't mind confessing that I had a wholesome dread of my chief's displeasure. Lady Constance, who feared nothing and nobody, maintained her composure.

"This is an unusual honour," said she. "Sit down, and tell us all the news."

Lord Rossan took no notice of this invitation, but advanced to the low arm-chair in which his sister was reclining, and looked down upon her sternly. "Constance," he said, "what did I tell you when you first came here about the Revolutionists whom you chose to receive?"

"As far as I remember," answered she, "you told me you wouldn't have them in the house."

"In spite of which, it appears that you have broken your word and invited them into the house."

"I never break my word, as you know," returned Lady

Constance curtly. "In the present instance I did not pledge it."

"I should have thought that you would have been above such quibbles as that. There was a distinct understanding that you should keep out of these silly intrigues as long as you were under my roof, and I consider that you have been guilty of a breach of faith. While you are wandering about irresponsibly, you can of course do as you please, and no one will dispute your right to engage in any tomfoolery that may be attractive to you; but when you do me the honour to reside with me, you must put a curb upon your impetuosity. I was under the impression that I had made that clear to you at the outset."

"It is not such tomfoolery as you think," replied Lady Constance quite good-humouredly. "Who was it that said you can do anything with bayonets, except sit on them? I grant you that large armies may keep things quiet for an indefinite time; but nothing is more certain than that disaffection must creep into the armies sooner or later, and then the great crash will come."

Lord Rossan waved his hand impatiently. "You are begging the question. The history of the world is a history of great crashes, followed by great calms. Your ragamuffins don't know what they want, and will never get anything except what they deserve. But all that is beside the mark. What interests me is that, in consequence of your freaks, I have just received a snubbing despatch and a private letter from the Secretary of State, in which I am told to exercise a little more control over my family."

"How amusing!" exclaimed Lady Constance. "May I see his letter?"

Lord Rossan tossed it into her lap. "It may be very amusing," said he drily; "but I so completely fail to see the joke myself, that I am determined to have no repetition of it."

Respect for the memory of the then Minister for Foreign Affairs forbids me to record Lady Constance's irreverent comments upon the epistolary style of that eminent statesman. "I wonder who has been telling him tales out of school," she remarked, as she folded up the letter. "Never mind! I can easily smooth down his ruffled plumage, and he shall make you an apology for having been so rude."

Then she got up and laid her hand upon her brother's shoulder. "Don't be angry," she said gently. "I acknowledge my sin, and I'll make the only reparation for it in my power by going away as soon as ever I can get my things packed up."

Lord Rossan's features relaxed. He was, I believe, really fond of his sister, and I know that it went sorely against the grain with him to turn any one out of his house. "I wish you would try to be a little more like other people, Con! I sighed. "And I didn't mean that you must go away."

"I can't be like other people," she returned, laughing; "and it is certainly high time for me to go. You will be very much relieved when you have seen the last of me, and Elizabeth will jump for joy. Besides, I want to be in London. Can't I do anything for you there? Would you like an Embassy, for instance?"

Lord Rossan burst out laughing. "Just listen to this woman, will you!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't you think she had the whole world at her feet? After getting me the first sharp rebuke that I have had in my whole official career, she coolly proposes to select this favourable moment for pressing my claims upon the Foreign Office. The best of it is that she'd do it too!"

"And successfully," added Lady Constance.

"Oh, I have no doubt you think so. Maxwell, let me recommend this model for your study. Your discrimination will tell you where to imitate it and where to take warning by it; but it will at any rate teach you that with a hearty belief in yourself you may go far. As for me, I am not ambitious; all I ask is to be allowed to perform my humble duties in peace and quietness."

Lord Rossan had recovered his good-humour; but I noticed that he did not press Lady Constance to prolong her sojourn in Suabia; and as soon as he was gone I broke out into lamentations.

"I knew how it would be! I knew I should lose you before very long! Now you will go away, and perhaps, when we next meet, you will have forgotten my name."

Lady Constance paid no attention to me. She had rung the bell, and was issuing brief, peremptory instructions to Antonio. "I shall leave for London to-morrow morning. See that everything is packed up, pay all bills, and let the people at the railway-station know that I shall want a reserved compartment."

"So soon!" I ejaculated dolefully. "Must you really go so soon?"

Lady Constance seated herself at her writing-table and began rapidly scribbling off notes. It was not until she had finished these and enclosed them in their envelopes that she marched up to the chair into which I had sunk in a state of collapse. After contemplating me for a minute with knitted brows, she exclaimed abruptly—"Do you know that you present a very pitiable spectacle?"

"I dare say I do," I replied despairingly; "I don't care. Perhaps you would present a pitiable spectacle if the world suddenly crumbled into ruins around you."

"I abhor exaggeration," she returned coldly, and walked away to the window.

Perhaps I might have been stung into something a little more like manliness by this insensibility, had the circumstances been other than they were. As it was I was too much overwhelmed to realise anything but the dreadful fact that Lady Constance was going to abandon me. After a time, I picked myself up and moved towards the door. There was nothing more to be said, and from the impatient movement of her foot I judged that she was anxious to get rid of me. But when my fingers were already on the lock she recalled me.

"Come back," she said, with a little vexed laugh; "come back, and for Heaven's sake don't make such a deplorable exhibition of yourself! I positively thought you were going to cry just now. Do you know why I have liked you better than other people? Why, because I have always given you credit for more than an average share of pride and pluck. If you are going to fall into drivelling imbecility now, the sooner we bid one another a fond and final farewell the better."

"Scolding me will do no good," said I, with a dull pain at my heart. "Very likely I am imbecile: if I am, it is you who have made me so. I half believe that I am out of my mind. I only live for you; if I am to lose you, I should like to die; I haven't a wish or a thought in the world that is not connected with you, directly or indirectly. I haven't even the power now to hate myself for being such an idiot."

Lady Constance looked at me curiously. "You are very fortunate," she said, "to be able to feel like that."

"Fortunate!"

"Of course," she returned impatiently. "Isn't it better than feeling nothing at all? But I have no time to talk transcendentalism now; let us come down to prosaic issues. I suppose what you would like would be to follow me to London, would it not?"

"It doesn't much matter whether I should like it or not, since it happens to be impossible," replied I despondently.

"You are much too fond of that word. There can surely be no impossibility about getting a month's leave. But if a month won't satisfy you, why don't you give up Franzenshöhe and exchange with one of the Foreign Office clerks?"

"Do you think that can be managed?" I asked eagerly.

"I can't see any reason why it shouldn't be managed. In fact, I dare say I could manage it for you."

"How good you are!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm. But then I mentally projected myself into the future, and added more soberly: "After all, though, you are sure not to stay long in London."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I shall be there until the end of the season in all probability. Please don't begin to be exacting as well as foolish. I have pointed out to you an easy way of getting what you want for the present; let that be enough. When you are tired of London, you have only to exchange back into the diplomatic service again. Mind, I don't for a moment advise your taking this step; my own opinion is that you would act far more wisely by remaining where you are and courting oblivion. But I take it for granted that in your present state of mind you wouldn't listen to advice; so it would be a mere waste of time to offer it to you."

"I wonder," said I meditatively, "whether your heart is as hard as your words."

She replied that it was to be supposed so, because she certainly meant what she said. "I won't keep you any longer now," she added presently. "I have a busy day before me; but I hope to have said goodbye to everybody and to have cast off all hawesers before nightfall."

This hope was not realised. Neither that evening nor on the second day was Lady Constance free for one moment from the company of her disconsolate friends. They remained with her till long after midnight; they escorted her in a sorrowful procession to the railway station the next morning; they filled her reserve compartment with bouquets and the air with inarticulate wailings. The only one among them who remained totally unmoved was Mr. Sotheran, who announced casually that he himself would be starting for London in the course of a few days. As for me, I obtained little more than the others did to soften the pain of parting—not even the promise of a letter; though I begged hard for it.

"I think I told you once before that I never write friendly letters," Lady Constance said; "but I will let you know my address as soon as I have one, and I will try and find somebody to make the exchange with you that you wish for."

Then she turned away to speak to some of the high official personages who had come to wish her a pleasant journey, and I was elbowed into the background.

After Lady Constance went away I had to bear a long interval of suspense, during which I heard nothing of her, and was grievously tormented by doubts as to whether she might not have forgotten her promise of contriving a transfer of appointment for me. My irritation became so intolerable at last that I wrote to my Cousin Harry, begging him to let me know whether he had seen Lady Constance, and what he thought I had better do under the circumstances. The return post brought me a long and friendly reply, in which I was advised to have patience, and was assured that I had not been forgotten, although the wished-for exchange might not be obtained quite immediately.

"It takes a little time to arrange these things," Harry wrote; "and the difficulty of finding a man willing to leave London is of course greater at the beginning of the season than it would be at another time of the year. However, where there's a will there's a way, and I happen to know that the will is not wanting on Lady Constance's part. She has secured a very smart little house in Mayfair, the interior of which you will become familiar with, I hope, before long, and I need not say that she is, as usual, besieged by callers from morning to night. I know this to my cost, because I sometimes have occasion to visit her upon business, and because I am often kept waiting an hour or more in the dining-room before she can receive me. At Franzenshöhe, where nobody knew me, I was allowed to mix with respectable people, as you may remember; but in London a little more discretion has to be exercised. Not that I complain of this; it is my own wish to avoid all risk of recognition. Lady Constance is generous enough and independent enough to welcome me at any time and in any company, and even if she knew my history I don't think she would alter her behaviour. Generosity is said to be more common than justice, but that has not been my experience. I have met a good many fairly just people in my life, but only two who could properly be called generous. Lady Constance Milner is one of them; I won't offend your modesty by naming the other."

My spirits, which had been greatly cheered by this missive, were still further raised a few days later, when an envelope, directed in a bold handwriting which I knew, was delivered to me. It contained, it is true, nothing but a visiting-card, bearing an address in Hill Street, with the words "At home every Sunday after five o'clock" written under Lady Constance's name; but it seemed clearly to imply an expectation that I should be in London at no distant date, and I was proportionately grateful for it.

Nevertheless, I had still a long time to wait before Lord Rossan sent for me one morning, and, surveying me with shrewd eyes which expressed some annoyance, some curiosity, and a good deal of amusement, said he had been given to understand that I wished to barter diplomacy for office-work at home. I intimated that he had been rightly informed, and he then asked whether I had fully considered the importance of what I was about to do. "Because," said he, "I think—and so does Lady Rossan—that you are making a great mistake. A mistake in *all* respects," he added, obligingly laying an emphasis upon these last words, so that I might distinctly understand what they meant.

I could only reply that I was sorry to go against his advice, but that I had particular reasons for wishing to be in London at that time.

"Very well," he said; "then you had better put yourself in communication with Mr. Spender of the Foreign Office, who, it appears, has particular reasons for wishing to be out of London just now. That, I take it, means that he has been outrunning the constable. Well—we shall be sorry to lose you, Maxwell; but every man must buy his own experience. I hope yours will not cost you more dearly than you expect."

I said what politeness and gratitude required, and assured Lord Rossan with perfect truth that I was giving up my present post, not on account of any dissatisfaction with it, but simply in obedience to the reasons which I had alluded to. I did not, however, hint at what these reasons were, partly because I was convinced that they were no secret to him, and partly because I fancied that he did not wish me to be more explicit.

Lady Rossan, rather to my surprise, made no attempt to turn me from my purpose. Probably she knew that nothing effectual could be said; and I think, too, that she was a little hurt by my eagerness to leave those who had been so kind to me.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY CONSTANCE IN LONDON

FOR all my eagerness, I did not get away from Franzenshöhe as soon as I had expected. Much time was consumed in leisurely preliminaries and formalities, and it was not until the beginning of June that I reached London. Harry, with whom I had kept up a brisk correspondence during the intervening weeks, had good-naturedly volunteered to look out for quarters for me, and had finally secured a set of rooms in Sloane Street, where I found him awaiting my arrival.

I took stock of him while he was shaking hands with me, and thought I could detect a decided improvement in his general appearance. He was well and quietly dressed, his eyes struck me as being clearer and his hand less shaky, and, besides this, there was an indescribable something about him which seemed to have raised him a degree or two in the social scale above the Chapman

of Franzenshöhe. It might have been a recovery of self-respect; it might have been the dawning of a gleam of hope: either way, I was glad to recognise it; and no doubt he saw and understood my satisfaction, for almost his first words bore reference to this subject.

"I've turned over a new leaf, Charley," he said; "I've given up—some bad habits that I had fallen into, and I hope I shall have the strength of mind to keep clear of them now. You think it rather odd, perhaps, that a little kindness should make such a difference in a man's life; but then you haven't been kicked and cut during something very nearly like twenty years."

"You won't be kicked and cut much longer," said I hopefully.

He threw a quick glance of apprehension at me. "I do trust you haven't said anything about me in writing home," he exclaimed.

I replied that I had not done so—that I agreed with him in thinking that a favourable opportunity should be awaited, or created, for making the disclosure. I was wondering whether it would be at all possible to put Harry in the way of performing some deed of heroism, when he diverted the current of my ideas by asking me when I meant to call upon Lady Constance.

"I don't know:—as soon as possible—to-morrow, perhaps," I replied. "When should I be most likely to find her at home, and alone?"

"Ah, when indeed? From what I hear, she is pretty constantly engaged. But you need not sigh so profoundly about that; one can talk just as well in a crowd as in a desert."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but at present I don't quite see how I am to find my way into the crowd. I know hardly anybody in London."

"Oh, you will get into society easily enough. Especially as young men have been at a premium since the declaration of war and the departure of the Guards. I got up early in the morning to see my old battalion march out," added Harry in a low voice. "The fellow who commands it now was a subaltern in my day. Ah, well; I should like to have been going out with them."

"Why don't you go to the East?" I exclaimed, with a sudden inspiration. "By Jove! Harry, I believe it would be the very best thing that you could do. I wonder I didn't think of it before. You will never have such another chance of distinguishing yourself."

"As a full private, do you mean?" he asked, smiling. "Perhaps, if you knew as much of Tommy Atkins and his habits as I do, you wouldn't suggest that road to glory, even to a proscribed man. Also, I doubt whether the Medical Board would pass me."

"Well," said I, unwilling to give up my idea, "I dare say it wouldn't be pleasant to enlist as a common soldier; but couldn't you get a commission in some irregular corps?"

"I can't fancy myself a Bashi-bazouk, and I am afraid those picturesque warriors are not likely to see much service. No—I am much obliged to you for the hint; but, all things considered, I think I will remain where I am, so as to be ready to defend my native shores in case of an invasion."

This levity disappointed me. It seemed to me that Harry should have been only too glad to carry a musket and bear the hardships of a campaign, if, by so doing, he could hope to wipe out the memory of the past. I said nothing; and presently he resumed, quite good-humouredly:—

"I see you set me down as a coward. Well; consider me so, if you like; you have the right to believe me incapable of any virtue."

I could not help thinking that my cousin sometimes carried this particular form of plea *ad misericordiam* to the verge of abuse. "You know I did not mean to accuse you of being afraid of wounds or death," I answered; "only, from what you said, I fancied you might be a little afraid of discomfort."

"But that would be a worse kind of cowardice, wouldn't it? However, we needn't discuss the point, and it is of no great consequence. If I had the courage of a lion and the fortitude of a martyr, I couldn't leave London just now. I have ties and occupations, like other men; though it would be rather inconvenient to me to mention exactly what they are. Lady Constance will tell you that I am a useful member of civil society in certain obscure ways."

With that he got up, saying that he must be off, but that he would look in upon me again in a day or two, if I would allow him.

I assured him that he could not come too soon or too often. "Or shall I go and see you?" I asked.

"That would entail rather a long walk," answered Harry, laughing. "I am not a young swell, who can afford to live in Sloane Street, remember. At present I have lodgings down at Richmond; but I won't ask you to come and see me there, because I am generally in town all day; besides which, my abode is too humble a one for you to be seen entering."

I could not, of course, insist; neither could I give expression to the thought which occurred to me then, as it had occurred several times before, that it was difficult to reconcile this apparent poverty with the fact, for which both my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar had vouched, that Harry was in receipt of a liberal allowance. What was certain was that he was obliged to take refuge in the suburbs, while I was lodged in Belgravia; and his cheerful acquiescence in our respective destinies only made me the more determined to see justice done. Perhaps my anxiety with regard to this matter of my cousin's reinstatement was the keener because I felt that it was the one unselfish intention of my life, and that, if I could bring it to a successful issue, it might count as a set-off against other lamentable failures, much in the same way as a Victoria Cross, earned in fighting the Russians, might atone for his past misdeeds.

I did not see him again for more than a week. During that time I was busy familiarising myself with my new duties, and leaving cards upon various friends, whom I thought it as well to acquaint with the fact that I was in London. Naturally, I lost no time in calling at Lady Constance's house in Hill Street, but I was not fortunate enough to find her at home, although I made three attempts, and it was only at the end of a week that I was rewarded by a formal invitation to dinner.

The house which Lady Constance had taken for the season was one of those modest mansions which command anything but a modest rent. What it wanted in size it made up for by the excellence of its situation and the perfection of its appointments. It was not Antonio, but a very correct London butler, who opened the door for me, and in the background there lurked other grave persons in black coats and white ties, and a footman with a powdered head. The staircase was thickly carpeted; the landings were banked up with flowers; nothing suggested the idea that this was only the temporary abode of a bird of passage. In the drawing-room, which, according to the custom of those days, was brilliantly lighted, a dozen or more guests were assembled. Lady Constance, exquisitely dressed, and looking rather pale and bored, rose, as I entered, from the sofa where she had been talking to a fat woman in red velvet, and advanced a few steps to meet me. Experience had taught me to expect no greeting of an effusive nature from her, nor indeed could she have uttered more than a few polite commonplaces before all those people; but I was at once struck by a slight, yet perceptible change in her manner, which seemed to have caught something of the infection of London conventionality. I have heard it asserted by some angry persons that London is the most provincial town in the United Kingdom. Without going so far as to adopt this paradox, I will yet venture to say that it is, upon the whole, the most conventional city with which I am acquainted. As far as my powers of observation have carried me, there is no society more scornfully

intolerant of what it considers solecisms, and none more blissfully ignorant of its intolerance, than that of our capital. I am aware that the London of to-day differs in many important respects from the London of thirty years ago; I am aware that nowadays it has become the fashion to affect a certain freedom from restraints, to do everything and say everything, to receive individuals who would not have been received when I was young, and (if a member of the past generation may be permitted to say so) to be a little vulgar. But all this seems only to have resulted in an artificiality more comic, yet not less stringent, than the old one, and people are ostracised in 1883 for not doing what they would have been ostracised for doing in 1854. I have never yet met any man or woman of the world who has been able to resist the dead weight of London custom. Even Lady Constance, as I have said, had to give in to it in some degree, and suffered for not giving into it enough. From the first I had a suspicion, which was confirmed by what I afterwards heard, that she was not quite the social success in England that she had been in other countries. She was thought to be odd and fast, and though she had a very large acquaintance, and went out a great deal, the influential ladies were disposed to look askance at her. They asked her to their houses, it is true; but they were not easily persuaded to go to hers. If they could have induced their lords and masters to remain away too, I dare say they would have done so.

The evening that I dined in Hill Street we were honoured with the company of a Cabinet Minister—a brisk, merry old gentleman, who arrived very late, apologising for the bad cold which had prevented his wife from accompanying him. Notwithstanding this disappointment, which made us a lady short, and obliged me to descend the staircase all by myself at the tail of the procession, the party was a very pleasant and lively one. The dinner was excellent, as were also the wines. Lady Constance exerted herself more than usual to amuse her friends, and was undoubtedly successful in so doing; and if everybody went away rather early, it was only because we had sat down late, and because many other entertainments were appointed to take place in the course of the evening.

I lingered after the rest of the guests, thinking myself entitled to venture upon that liberty, and as soon as the last of them had vanished Lady Constance threw up her arms above her head, and yawned so loudly that the footman put his floury poll in at the door, and, on being asked what he wanted, replied, looking rather foolish, that he had thought he heard a cry for 'elp.

"He was not far wrong, poor man, if he had only known it," Lady Constance remarked, with a slight laugh. "I am drowning in an ocean of weariness, and nobody will hold out a hand to save me. Yes;—thank you; I know you have a large hand and a strong arm; but I should only pull you in after me if I were to clutch it. I must endeavour to swim as long as my strength will hold out; after which, I shall go under, and nobody will miss me. So you have come at last."

"It hasn't been my fault that I have not come sooner," said I. "Nor mine. I hope you will have the gratitude to acknowledge that. And now that you are here, what do you think of it all? Wasn't Franzenshöhe a great deal pleasanter?"

"I don't know," answered I; "I never think of whether places are pleasant or unpleasant in themselves now. There are the places where you are and there are the places where you are not; that is all."

(To be continued)



"IN THE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS" (Bentley), by Mrs. Katharine Lee, introduces us very pleasantly to the Erckmann-Châtain country. It seems curious to be reading in English about Saverne (or Zabern, as the Germans will call it) and Rosheim and the Hoh-Barr; and to find that, beside that unaccountable love of France (one can't call it patriotism in these thoroughly Teutonic folk) which comes out on every page of the novels, and which everywhere delighted Mrs. Lee, there is also a great deal to interest the searcher for old churches and quaint old towns that have wholly escaped Haussmannising. Rosheim is one of these; and Mrs. Lee makes us long to see it even more than to explore the natural beauties of the Nideck and the Gebweiler Belchen with its tiny lake. We should like to see both; and the cheapness of the trip—25/- for husband and wife for three weeks—is tempting. But then what a model wife! How she roughed it, trudging through mud and rain while in the warranted waterproof knapsack all her scanty stock of linen was getting soaked. She only took one dress; and besides damp beds in forest inns she had to stand a good deal of strong language from a six-foot high husband. She seems to have liked it though; it was directed not against her, but against misleading Baedeker, fallacious peasants, and untrustworthiness in general. In her next edition she should leave it out, and also the attempts at funniness, which mar an otherwise admirable book. We are glad to learn that the blue of which the song speaks is really seen in the Alsatian Mountains as it is not seen in the Jura or the Black Forest.

Let no one lay down "Things New and Old" (Speirs, Bloomsbury Street) as being merely a Swedeborgian treatise, and therefore valueless. The so-called "New Church" is one of our protests against that blank materialism to which some of the scientists so ruthlessly abandon us. Of the tenets of this "New Church" Mr. Spilling gives a simple, straightforward statement. Several of these are matters on which it does not become us to treat. That Christ is the one and only God is a doctrine for which many texts may be adduced, and which yet was held to be heresy in the early Church. Perhaps the New Church would be classed as Patripassians; and these Dean Hook, in his Church Dictionary, carefully abstains from stigmatising as heretics, contenting himself with calling them a "denomination." The chapter on the Resurrection we earnestly commend to those who find views like Mr. Spurgeon's impossible; while that on the law of Biblical interpretation may be read with profit by many who think all will be lost if the "deadness of the letter" is given up.

Mr. Munger holds, we fancy, somewhat the same views as Mr. Spilling; but his "Freedom of Faith" (Ward and Lock), put forth here by arrangement with the American publishers, is a much more elaborate work. Its American origin is betrayed in such aggravating trifles as *noth-ing*, for no-thing; (have they gone so far as to say *someh-ing*?) and, spelling apart, it is a book which we are glad to get from the country of Colonel Ingersoll and other loud-tongued agnostics. In discussing immortality Mr. Munger rises to real eloquence, and his arguments are unanswerable except we admit the Creator to be limited and imperfect. It is a pity that he weakens his cause by occasional childishness, as where he talks of "the wind blowing through reeds having a Memnonian tone that foretells the dawn of an eternal day;" and we fear the mere materialist would laugh at the notion that "were there no God, the wrong would pass into the elements to work eternal discord—there is immortality for wrong until it is set right." But, all defects notwithstanding, the "Freedom of Faith" is a remarkable book, and the scare which it has caused among some of the narrowly orthodox proves its relative importance. Mr. Munger talks of the "New Theology" as a renaissance, a going back to primitive views, "a recovery of spiritual processes from a magical to a moral conception." Those who object to all change he warns of the oft-proved

impossibility of "preserving the faith without a theosophy;" and his theosophy, he assures us, reconciles Scripture and Evolution. The chapter on Land Tenure seems somewhat out of place; but Mr. Henry George must rejoice to find an earnest believer making the Jewish Sabbatical year do battle against landlordism.

His other book "On the Threshold" (Ward and Lock) is an attempt to help young men over that whereon so many stumble so disastrously. To have "a clear strong purpose" and to carry it out in a careful choice of companions and amusements, adding sound faith to thrift and self-reliance, is to have gained a level to which few attain. But there is no reason why a young man who has the courage to say "No," and the intelligence to say it at the right time, should be content with a lower level. In this age of Associations for everything we are thankful for the rule: "Resist the gregarious habit; suspect the crowd, and, if you march, find out whether you are marching to please yourself or the captain." There is a good deal of sound sense in every one of Mr. Munger's chapters. We were specially struck with that on "Health." In that on "Amusements" he shrewdly notes that gamblers are recruited mainly out of families where cards are prohibited as sinful: "Boys from the first accustomed to them commonly hold them as of the slightest moment." Of billiards he says regretfully, "It has been almost impossible to keep this beautiful game clean and wholesome." We leave the "Church and Stage Guild" to disprove his assertion that "the theatre cannot be made a vehicle of moral teaching, because the medium is one of unreality." Yet he admits that the theatre will stand, "because it represents an art, and society never drops an art." "Go, but don't make going a habit," is his maxim; and he reminds us that such a society is such will be the stage; "decent people will have it decent." It is interesting to compare Mr. Munger with a very much greater man, Emerson; in their practical teaching they sometimes come very near to one another.

We are very glad that Miss Yonge has published another volume of her "Cameos from English History" (Macmillan). This "Fifth Series" covers the latter half of the sixteenth century, and (as on former occasions) the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" gives us at least as much of foreign matters as of English. Her best bit of work, to our mind, "Don John of Austria," belongs, of course, wholly to the Continent. It was a time when more English history was being made abroad than on English ground. Many of the chapters, too, deal with Scotland. Miss Yonge does not pledge herself to those "Casket Letters" of which Mr. Froude once guaranteed the authenticity; and she inclines to the view that the Regent Murray was "an arch plotter of the blackest ingratitude, a recreant priest, and a most accomplished villain." It is a happy thing that the conditions of British life nowadays are not likely to breed such men. The reader can contrast for himself this very unsatisfactory statesman with the deeply erring but much less hateful Maitland of Lethington; he is sure to carry away from these pages an increased hatred for Leicester and for Lettice Knollys, inasmuch as, though he must read Scott to appreciate Miss Yonge's "Times of Kenilworth," there are several dark touches in her cameo which are wanting in the romance. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this way of treating history as supplementary to the continuous narratives. Miss Yonge gives the cream of many books; and few have time to read more than one or two histories.

In "Crowns and Coronations" (Chatto and Windus) Mr. W. Jones, F.S.A., the well-known author of "Finger-Ring Lore," has undertaken a general history of regalia. When we compare his book with Miss Yonge's we are tempted to say that he has been doing women's work, and that the jewellery, like the upholstery of history, might fairly be left to the softer sex. No doubt, however, there is a great deal of archaeology as well as of lore and custom connected with regalia; and on these a F.S.A. ought to be a good authority. Among ancient crowns we are surprised he has not figured those marvels of old Visigoth jewellery discovered some years ago in Spain, one of which (that bearing the name Recce-suinthus) is now in the Hôtel Cluny. Among modern ones the eleven of Russia outnumber all the rest. As he gives the Pope's tiara and an archbishop's and a bishop's mitre, we do not see why the headdress of the Grand Turk should have been excluded. The bonnet of the Doge of Venice, the Turk's old antagonist, is figured in these pages, but not the crown of Cetewayo, to the account of whose coronation Mr. Jones nevertheless devotes more than two pages, following it up with a still longer account of the crowning of the King of Old Calabar.

We trust that Mr. W. de Gray Birch's "Cartularium Saxonicum" (Whiting, Sardinia Street), of which the first part is before us, may succeed. It deserves to do so. The type is clear, the paper and printing good. The work is to be a new edition of Kemble's "Codex Diplomaticus ævi Saxonici," with additions from since-published sources. Few who are not accustomed to study them know how much history—often of a kind to be found nowhere else—is contained in old charters; and the titles of some of these, St. Patrick to Glastonbury, and to the Christians of Cardigan, Æthelbert to St. Paul's, &c., show that they sometimes contain much besides mere history. Who this Patricius was (for there were many) is still left uncertain; but these letters do much to prove the existence in the eighth century of a school of Gaelic missionaries in England.

It would be ungallant to say that in works like Miss Cumming's "Fire Fountains" and Miss Bird's "Hawaii" we have the romance, while in Dr. Coppinger's "Cruise of the Alert" (Sonnenschein) we have the reality of Polynesian travel. Nevertheless, the "Summer Isles of Eden" look very different in these matter-of-fact pages from what they do in several books that we have reviewed within no very long period. The "Woman of Tahiti" (p. 149), albeit hibiscus-crowned, is scarcely the dusky Venus whom we used to evolve from a study of Byron's "Island," King Jacobau and his wife and their dismal-looking hut are scarcely less disenchanting. Besides the islands from Tahiti to Tongatabu, Dr. Coppinger tells us a great deal about Australian aborigines, giving *fac-similes* of their drawings, by no means equal to those of the old Cave-men in France. The West Australians are finer men and women than those on the East coast, but they don't use the boomerang, in throwing which even little children on the other coast are wonderfully expert. Dr. Coppinger also describes the Seychelles; and about half of his book is devoted to Tierra del Fuego, the chief object of the *Alert's* cruise having been to make soundings and explore new ways in the Straits of Magellan. What he says of the Fuegians confirms the character usually given of that unlucky race. We have spoken only of his remarks on the different human tribes; but what he says of the botany, zoology, &c., of the places he touched at is full of interest, both to the student and to the general reader. The book is a model of its class.

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA

THE exceptional traveller who thinks it worth while to take train from Milan to the Certosa of Pavia, no great distance away, usually finds himself the solitary passenger dropped from the carriage at the wayside station as a kind of derelict. At once catching sight of the Carthusian monastery, on emerging from this station, he conceives it useless to employ the cabdriver—fatted by drowsiness—who provides conveyance for visitors; but so many a lane has to be traversed ere the building is really approached that it takes a good quarter of an hour to gain a spot to which a bee line would have conducted any pedestrian in three minutes. On the road traversed a living being is rarely to be met. The frogs have it all their own way in this quarter, and chorus in a curiously unanimous manner, with short and long pauses of absolute silence, as if some Batrachian *chef d'orchestre* were beating strict time all the

while. The very ducks on the stagnant ditch under the walls of the monastery sleep on their shadows. Once in an hour the far-away bells of Pavia may be heard. Towards evening a bird or two will chirp in the gaunt poplars. At the little inn the host may come out and clap his hands for his horse, who forthwith clatters stablyward from the field to have his supper of poor oats. Such things are at the most all the signs of life that catch the traveller's attention in this desolate region; he may wander about all day, and constantly wonder at a new phenomenon—a landscape of sounds alone.

Arrived at the entrance to the Certosa, he comes upon the entire population of the neighbourhood—six or eight beggars, not unlike the frogs in their crouching attitudes and croaking prayers. And leaving them behind him, he enters the quadrangle or courtyard, to come at once upon the richest ecclesiastical *façade* in Christendom. Sixty-six exquisite statues, executed between the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries; sixty Carrara medallions of Roman Kings and Emperors; innumerable minor decorations in porphyry and serpentine; two arcades of finely proportioned columns, all harmonised into an incrustation of marble-work, characterised from basement to eaves by the most delicate taste. Above it towers a pyramidal cupola as graceful, in its way, as Giotto's campanile. This is the precious Church of the Carthusians, founded by Galeazzo Visconti, first Duke of Milan, on the 8th of September, 1396, and consecrated by the special blessing of Pope Urban VI. The *façade*, however, is the later work of Ambrogio Borgognone, and was commenced in 1473. The style of the Certosa, as a whole, is Gothic, although the rounded arch predominates in it. Except in the front, the whole building, with the monastery attached, is very uniform in its style; but nothing within the edifice equals the magnificence of the *façade*. The altar is loaded with carving and precious stones; the smaller cloister is decorated round and round with terra cotta busts and other enrichments of unsurpassed excellence. It also boasts a great doorway by Giovanni Antonio Amaldeo, surmounted by a lunette of sculpture, representing the Virgin and Child, flanked on the right by John the Baptist, and on the left by Saint Vescovo. The best pictures among the many adorning side chapels in the church, were Borgognone's Crucifixion, and Luini's Madonna; but the latter is now elsewhere.

This Earthly Paradise of monks is entirely deserted at present. The Government preserves the building, but allows of no service in it. Thirty monks, in old times, formed the complement of the establishment; and each of these had an apartment of three rooms. But none of these is likely now

To lie through centuries,
And hear the blessed mutter of the Mass.

The Certosa is a beautiful perfect thing of the past. Long may it remain as perfect. There is not such another gem of architecture in Europe. But now it is void of a spirit. One leaves it dejectedly. What good came out of it all? What great spirit nurtured itself amid all this loveliness of ecclesiastical form? The workmen who reared it "wrought in a sad sincerity, and builded better than they knew." Theirs is the glory: the monks lived to themselves in a selfish pietism, and died, and made no history for their beloved Certosa. They have passed and made no sign. The frogs alone perpetuate the voice of animated nature outside, and their unctuous croakings seem to be a perpetual refrain from Molière: "Les anciens, monsieur, sont les anciens; et nous sommes les gens de maintenant."—Our engravings are from photographs by A. Noack, published by Theodor Schüller, Leipzig. E. R.

NEW MUSIC

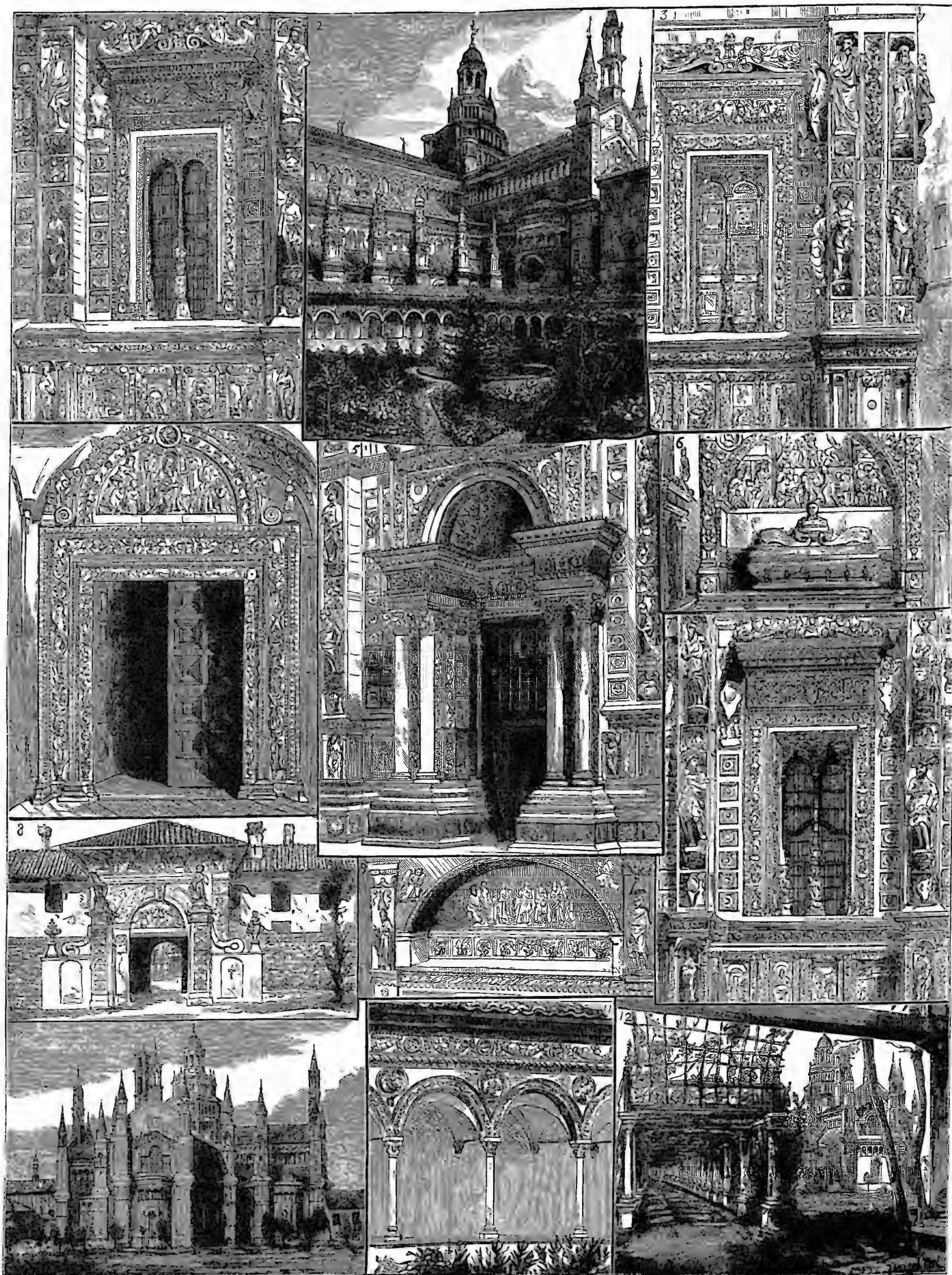
MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—From hence come three arrangements of *The Redemption*, Charles Gounod's "Sacred Trilogy," which increases in favour as we become more and more familiar with this, one of the composer's greatest works. J. W. Elliott has arranged it from the full score for harmonium and pianoforte. Berthold Tours has brought out a pianoforte arrangement of it, and George C. Martin, Mus. Doc., has arranged a "Selection of Movements" for the organ upon seven of the favourite themes. All are the works of experienced musicians, and each one equally good in its way.—Dr. John Stainer's *St. Mary Magdalen*, a sacred cantata, which was written by request for performance at the Gloucester Triennial Musical Festival, 1883, and made a very favourable impression on the public, has been published in "Novello's Original Octavo Edition," so we may hope now very soon to hear it at one or other of the numerous choral societies in London.—No. 10 of "Novello's Pianoforte Albums" contains eight gavottes by ancient and modern composers, all more or less familiar and popular, together with five minuets, a *bourrée*, a sarabande, and a *gigue*: a really marvellous shilling's worth.—No. 1 of "Album of German Songs," selected and the words translated into English by Francis Hueßler, contains thirty songs, music by Robert Franz, of varying merit; some are very pleasing, others are less interesting, but all show the hand of a practised musician. It would have been well had the original German words been given as well as the translation of such grand poetry as that of Heine.—Berthold Tours has collected six ancient Irish melodies, and written for them accompaniments and symphonies, whilst the words are supplied by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." "Old Ireland," as its collective name, will find favour with enthusiastic admirers of Irish music; but we do not find any special gem in the collection.

MESSRS. FORSYTH BROTHERS.—One of our most melodious ballad writers is W. A. C. Cruickshank. He has composed the charming music for five songs, namely, "Waiting," words by A. H. Finn, a simple descriptive ballad in F, compass, the middle octave; for the other songs F. S. Parry has supplied the words; "Waking" is a pretty love song for a tenor; "Homeward Bound" is a merry song of the sea, with a refrain to each verse which would surely be taken up and chorused heartily on board ship; "Somebody" is a *piquante*, descriptive song, of a dainty maiden, for a tenor; "The Golden West" is a song with a moral, showing the folly of ambition and discontent; "Gondola Song," by Frederick N. Löhr, has been neatly arranged for the organ by D. J. Wood, and will be found useful at a secular concert. "Gavotte in C major," by Geminiani, arranged for the pianoforte by Charles Hallé, will be equally popular in the school-room and the drawing-room. "Cradle Song," for the pianoforte, by Frederick N. Löhr, has a sweet and flowing melody, which would soothe a refractory infant to sleep. A trifle more difficult, but equally praiseworthy, is "A Winter Song" for the pianoforte, by T. J. Ford.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—A truly useful publication is "The Harmonium Album," a collection of pieces for that instrument, edited by J. Spencer Curwen, by known and unknown composers. It has now reached its tenth volume, and will prove of great use to players, who will find there every style they may desire, and pieces for all times and seasons.

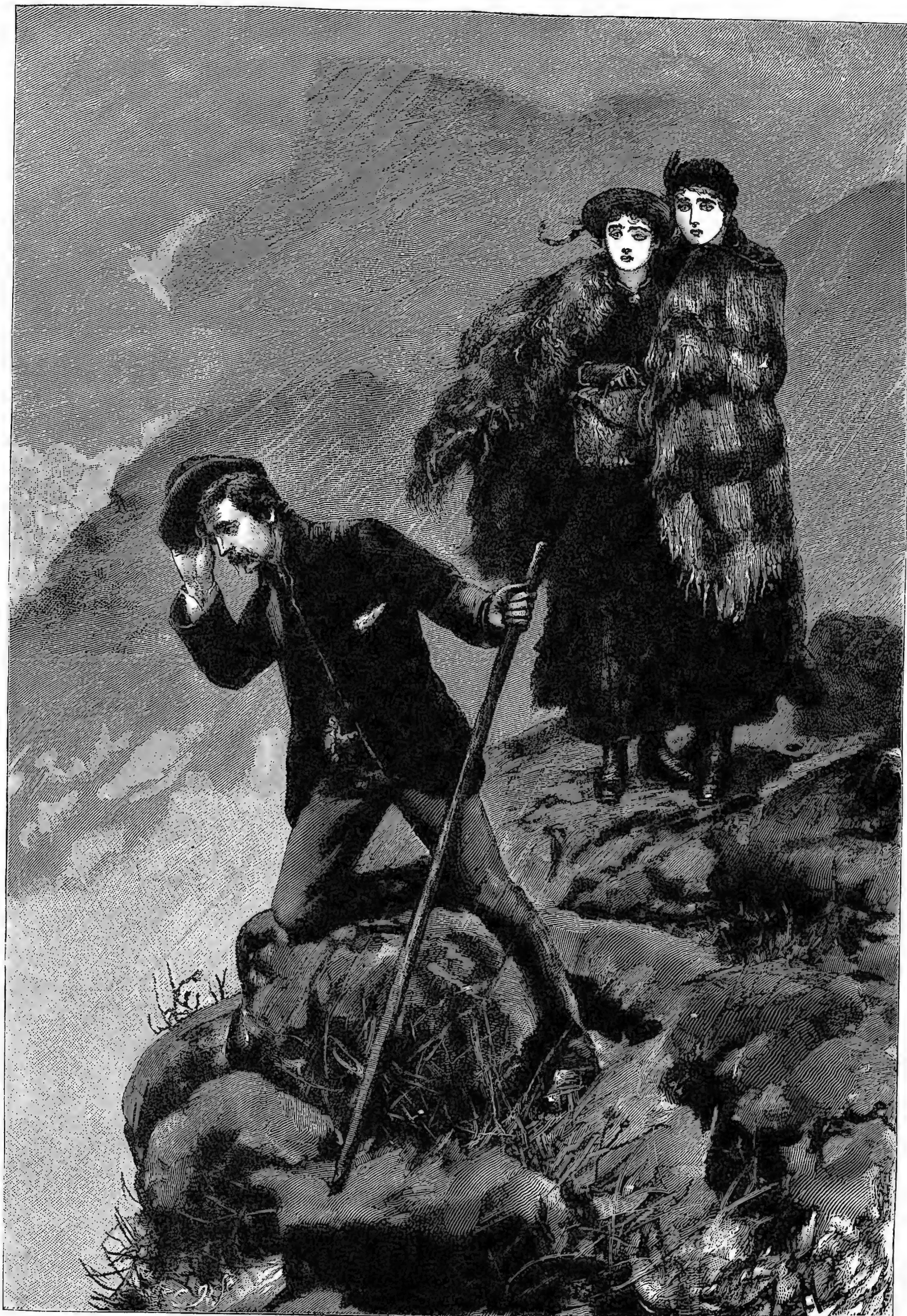
MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.—"Only a Song" is a very good ballad, written and composed by Brunella and Isidore de Lara; published in C and E flat.—A song of the sea, which ends cheerfully, is "Nell of Newhaven," written and composed by Osborne Williams.—One of the best and most original specimens of its school that we have come across for some time past, is "Amore," *gavotte antique* for the piano, by Charles Heaviside; it is well suited for after-dinner execution.

NOTE.—In our last week's issue, the names of Messrs. Metzler and Son were erroneously affixed to some music published by Messrs. Moutrie and Son.



1. Third Window of Façade.—2. The Smaller Cloister.—3. Fourth Window of Façade.—4. Door of the Smaller Cloister.—5. Principal Entrance to the Certosa.—6. The "Lavabo" (Washing Basin) in the Sacristy.—7. Second Window of Façade.—8. Outer Entrance to the Certosa.—9. "Lavabo" in Cloisters.—10. The Rear of the Certosa.—11. Detail from the Smaller Cloister.—12. The Vineyard.

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA



THE END OF THE PIC-NIC—LOST ON TABLE MOUNTAIN, CAPETOWN

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

THE cry of the Preacher, that of making books there is no end, may surely be echoed by the reviewer of Christmas literature within the next two months. The graver books come earliest, as befits the substantial fare, leaving the lighter and more lively portion until Christmas gaiety grows nearer. Thus the majority of our present instalment are of a more instructive and improving character, coming, from the two chief Church publishing associations—the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Religious Tract Society. To deal first with the former Society, a new and most interesting series of volumes on the Dawn of European Literature is initiated by Mr. W. R. Morfill's "Slavonic Literature." Setting aside the political interest at the present day of the rivalry between the Slavonic and Teutonic races, the subject is admirably chosen for the preliminary work, for the history of the Slav nation, as shown in their literature, is almost untrodden ground to English writers. Rich in ballads, in folk-lore, and in quaint chronicles, this literature affords a vast field of study, and the present small work can only furnish the bare outlines of the subject. Yet Mr. Morfill has produced a valuable handbook, providing extracts from the most interesting verse and prose compositions, and putting his facts together in thoroughly readable form. Our own literary history finds a chronicler in Mr. J. Dennis, whose "Heroes of Literature" sketches briefly the career and works of the chief English poets, from the Elizabethan age down to Keble. As the volume is intended merely to whet young readers' appetites for further information, the author restricts himself to very curt details, adding, however, the criticisms of the best authorities, and a list of the principal works connected with each poet. Altogether, a very useful present for young students. This same popular information is also conveyed in another of the "Colonist's Handbooks," this time dealing with the "Cape of Good Hope and Natal."

Amongst the distinctly religious publications are three specially adapted for Church work. Thus the short practical lessons drawn from the lives of "Wives and Mothers of the Bible," by the author of the "Choristers of the Bible," are well suited to Mothers' Meetings; Miss Elinor Lewis's "Hearts and Lives Given to Christ" is intended for girls' Bible classes, and is full of plain, helpful suggestions; while "Word Pictures," by "E. M. P.," provides that vivid narrative teaching which attracts the rougher members of mission-services better than more stereotyped forms. And, for more cultivated thinkers, here are the "Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles," delivered by Canon Burrows at St. Paul's, this spring, to the London Lay-Helpers. In this section, too, may be placed the effective collection of Illuminated Cards, some being reproductions of Fra Angelico's pictures, others memorial and confirmation cards, &c.

There is a shade of monotony among the Society's lighter literature. Year by year the same writers produce much the same type of story, and a little variety would be welcome. Otherwise the tales are mostly interesting, and invariably of good moral tone, while this season the illustrations have improved, though they are still by no means faultless. As usual, the stories are adapted for all classes. Terse, practical episodes of every-day life suit the parochial library, such as "Kate Temple's Mate," by the author of "Clary's Confirmation," a simple Temperance tale for girls—or, for young men, "His First Offence," by Ruth Lamb, which illustrates the beneficial effects of sorrow; and Helen Shipton's "A Six Months' Friend," showing the power of quiet influence, a lesson also simply taught by Crona Temple in "A Valley of Diamonds." Younger lads may learn from the short sketches of "Brave John Norse" that courage in homely form is as valuable as showy heroism, and may find out the mistake of over-sensitiveness from "Felix Morton," who is hardly so good an example as "D. G. D." tries to make out. By the way, Felix could scarcely have escaped uninjured from the mass of flame represented in W. Houghton's frontispiece. Boys of all ranks like Mr. S. Whitchurch Sadler's exciting sailors' yarns, and his "Pirate's Creek" brims over with hairbreadth escapes, shipwrecks, and wondrous discoveries. Nor is fact one whit less stirring than fiction in the Rev. E. N. Hoare's "Paths in the Great Waters," which deals with the early colonisation of Virginia and the discovery of the Bermudas. Occasionally, Mr. Hoare's historical details overpower the human interest. This leads us to a group of semi-historical tales. In these days of anti-Semitic feeling civilisation does not seem to have greatly improved upon the scenes of Jewish persecution in Germany depicted by Esmé Stuart in "Lia,"—a bright fresh novelette. A more agreeable theme is the devotion of "The Lady of St. Ouen," pleasantly told by S. M. Sitwell, whose narrative would be all the better for omitting the useless introduction and *finale*, à la Mrs. Markham. The brave Guernsey lady well contrasts with the treacherous heroine of a "Tale of the Fifteen," wherein "C. E. M." treats of Jacobite plots. The short anecdotes of celebrated men, adapted from the German, in "Stick To Thy Last," by "H. I. M. G.," and "The Rehearsal," by the author of "A Queen," are excellent for reading aloud to little boys, who will be all the more interested in "Carl Forrest's Faith," on learning that Mary Linskill has founded the struggles of her hero on real events in the early life of the Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull. Of a trio of girlish novelettes the palm must be given to A. Lyster's "Two Old Maids" for its clever bits of character-drawing, as although there are some amusing personages in Mrs. H. Child-Pemberton's "Olive Smith," the story is conventional, like the lovers' misunderstandings of "Miss July," by the author of "Our Valley." Besides a capital "Picture Book of Animals," with attractive anecdotes by the late Rev. C. A. Johns, the remaining volumes mostly deal with records of large families, such as "Launcey Vernon," by S. Selbys Lowndes, "Lucile," by M. Davison, M. Bramston's "Home and School," wherein readers of the "Snowball Society" will meet old friends, "A Pair of Them," by "C. J. S. L.," and "We Little Ones," by L. H. Apaque, the two last abounding with those pranks which are so entertaining in books and so remarkably disagreeable in real life. The moral, however, always comes home to the wrongdoers, as the romantic Bertie of "Under Canvas," by F. Bayford Harrison, learns only too soon when he runs away to the gypsies.

After this mass of stories, it is refreshing to come across a genuine bit of fun in the doleful ditty of a discontented lobster, "Blue and Red." True, Mrs. J. H. Ewing's verse is more merry than classical; but André's drawings are delightful, both in quaint design and that soft refined colouring which has happily replaced the gaudy tints formerly selected for childish eyes. How steadily this class of work increases and improves is more noticeable than ever in the numerous artistic picture-books before us. Look, for instance, at the charming illustrations of "Up Stream" (Sampson Low), wherein André—here both author and artist—pilots his audience along the stream of history, till fact is lost in scientific surmise, stopping by the way to sketch with sly humour the landmarks of British chronicles. Or, again, how capitally the crafts of all nations are depicted in "The Boats of the World" (S. Low)—just the gift for boys. There is a touch of Mr. Alma Tadema's influence in the strictly classic tone of "Perseus, the Gorgon Slayer" (S. Low), even in the fact that the surroundings are sometimes more interesting than the central figures. Mr. T. R. Spence's drawings are cleverly conceived and executed, so that the old heroic story, told in blank verse by W. J. Gordon, forms a most fascinating volume.

As the Luther Commemoration forms one of the historical events of the year, Luther bibliography has naturally been plentiful of late, and thus two of the Religious Tract Society's four contribu-

tions relate to the great Reformer. Stirring and picturesque as this period of history is, it is curious that a better story has not been made out of the materials composing "Luther and the Cardinal," which has been freely adapted from Pastor Nietschmann by Julie Sutter. Entirely founded on fact, the chronicle deals less with Luther than with one of his antagonists, the Cardinal Archbishop Albert of Mainz, and a very uncompromising picture it gives of priestly greed, extravagance, and immorality. Appropriately enough, a fresh edition has been issued of Dr. Stoughton's "Homes and Haunts of Luther"—enlarged, however, by various additions to both text and engravings. Now, after tracing the steps of the Reformers in Germany and Italy, Dr. Stoughton records their fruitless struggles and sufferings in the land of the worst doings of the Holy Office, "The Spanish Reformers." As in his previous works, the author does not give a chronological account of the reformers' labours, but sketches their connection with the various cities of bigoted priest-ridden mediæval Spain. The book is thoroughly well illustrated, and these agreeable combinations of chatty text and good engravings still remain one of the chief features of the Society, who have now enlarged their Pen and Pencil Gallery by the Rev. S. Green's "Scottish Pictures." Perhaps these reminiscences of bonny Scotland will prove amongst the most attractive of the series, and they are certainly not inferior to their predecessors from either a literary or artistic point of view. As much may be said of the fresh volume of "Cities of the World" (Cassell) with its pleasant verbal and pictorial reminiscences of the chief towns in both the Old and the New Countries. As before, Mr. E. Hodder is responsible for most of the letterpress, but the Transatlantic cities fall to the share of Mr. M. F. Sweetser. Indeed, the latter's pen supplies the more effective side of the American section, for the modern Transatlantic buildings, handsome though they may be, look very prosaic by the side of ancient picturesque European architecture.



THE GROWTH OF CROPS.—M. Barral, one of the best-known of French agricultural writers, has just been affirming in the French press that the origin of nitrogen in crops must be sought in the soil itself, and that the air really furnishes no more nitrogen than the small quantities contributed by rain, mist, and dew. The nitrogenous value of a crop will always be found in strict accordance with the nitrogen yielded by manures and furnished by the soil. At the same time M. Barral cautions us that all ordinary observations of the phenomena of vegetable growth draw an arbitrary line of depth at about seven inches. And yet he thinks there is good reason for believing that the deeper soil influences the surface soil by capillary attraction of certain component parts, while the action of minute streams of subterranean water supply the influence of suction.

GOOD SEED WHEAT is a great want of French agriculture if we are to believe M. de la Tréhouais, a very experienced and practical French agriculturist. Whereas he affirms the ordinary French production on average land is no more than 15 hectolitres per hectare, the obtaining of 24 hectolitres per hectare, with a mean weight of 74.5 kilogrammes, has been proved quite possible not by extra manuring, but simply by a regular sowing of the best seed. M. de la Tréhouais has made his own experiments with English white and red wheat, and the varieties he names in his letter to a French contemporary are not of extraordinary merit. The big seed merchant and the grower of pedigree corn have done much for England; it seems that there is yet more to do for France, and with the stationary population of that country it is not impossible that the simple introduction of better seed wheat and a more careful selection may make a change in the present balance of the world's wheat exporting and importing powers.

SIR JOHN LAWES takes a favourable view of this year's wheat harvest. His "standard" plot of land, manured from the farm yard, and representing the ordinary farmer's yield on good land, was 32.75 bushels per acre in 1882, but 35.25 bushels in 1883. His unmanured plot yielded 13.75 bushels, the thirty years' average being 13.00 bushels. This is an important fact, as the unmanured wheat land is probably a large proportion of our 2,707,949 acres, and the loss of farmers' capital in the past seven years has tended, of course, to increase such area. The weight per bushel of this year's wheat at Rothamsted varies from 61.25 to 63.50 lb., the thirty years' average varying from 57.75 to 59.87. Mr. Lawes reckons the crop at a mean of 80 bushels of 62.25 lb. per bushel mean weight. Sir John Lawes reckons the United Kingdom wheat yield at 10,330,000 qrs. as a maximum, and at 9,480,000 qrs. as a minimum. London wheat prices he considers will continue current.

MR. HARRIS, of Highampton, a well-known Devonshire agriculturist and gentleman farmer, has recently had the planks removed from the top of the silo which he erected early in the year. A thin layer of surface stuff was black, but this being removed, a mass of ensilage was discovered in beautiful condition. The flowers of the clover, although of course flattened, were almost as perfect as when the green crop was put in, and the ensilage had the proper light brown colour and appetising smell which marks a good sample of this new form of cattle food. Mr. Harris found that his carriage horses would eat it, though not taking to it with the energy of the cattle. The dairy cows ate it most readily, and this confirms the experiences of other agriculturists, who have found their dairy cattle prefer good ensilage to almost every other kind of food.

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB are attempting to "Boycott" the Birmingham, Rutland, Tredegar, and other important agricultural Shows of the late autumn. Last week the Council enacted two new rules, the first of which is, "That no cattle, sheep, or pigs exhibited at any other Show after the 1st November, 1883, be allowed to be exhibited at the Smithfield Club Show this year." The second rule is even more stringent, for it requires every exhibitor solemnly to certify and promise that after the end of the present month he will not send to any other Show any animal to be shown at Islington in December. These new rules have obtained acceptance under cover of the foot-and-mouth disease scare, but we do not think that the management of the country Shows, against which the rules are aimed, have merited the suspicion of want of care contained in such restrictions.

WHITE SWALLOWS are seen so seldom that it may be interesting to naturalists to know that Admiral Thrupp has just seen one at Olmfield, near Northam. On the 1st of October he watched a number of swallows flitting about just opposite his house, and noticed some of them settle in a row on some iron fencing not more than ten yards from the window where he stood. One of them was a perfect swallow in shape, but in colour was pure white. As the other swallows did not look upon their fair friend as a stranger, but quite as one of themselves, the white swallow was probably born with others of a normal plumage. On the 3rd of October a flight of swallows near Bideford was remarked, and one of them was perfectly white.

HORSES.—There have been a number of horse sales during the past week, and on the whole the prices, for the time of year, must be reckoned good. At a big sale at Swindon, Irish hunt horses made really high rates. At Culford a good sale of agricultural

horses was noticeable for a uniformly high level of value. At Wibsey there was over an average show of horses, the draught horses being an especially good collection, and selling well. There was a numerous show of Irish horses, and they were in fair request. A horse sale in Perthshire, an account of which has reached us, confirms the above notes, so that the demand and value are apparently very fair in all parts of the United Kingdom. We hear that the horses now being trained at Melton are an uncommonly "likely" lot.

NAMING ANIMALS.—A correspondent suggests the usefulness of something like method in naming animals; and his suggestion is not only practicable, but has the further advantage of imposing no difficult restrictions and exercises impossible for the agricultural mind. For any of the large animals—those that have young but once in a year, as a rule—he suggests the employment of our venerable but somewhat mysterious friend, the Dominical letter. This, for the present year, is G, and there are plenty of names beginning with G to choose from; while next year, which will give us A, will afford an even more extensive choice. It will be seen that this initial letter would soon become an important aid to the memory. It is also suggested that males might always be named by the same initial as the sire, and females by the same initial as the dam. The suggestions have the merit of being curious, and a little more method in nomenclature is certainly desirable.

MILKING RECORDS.—It is surprising on how few farms milking records are kept. At the recent Show at Islington prizes were offered for milking records, but the offer was not responded to at all warmly. And yet the usefulness of milking records is extremely clear. By keeping monthly—still better, weekly—records, the farmer ascertains which of his animals are the best and most reliable milkers, so that these can be retained, and the others fattened for the butcher. In some herds the milk is returned by the farm bailiff once a week, when the average for butter is struck. All farmers who keep cows should do this themselves, or have it done; and there should be a small book kept, in which the yield from each cow daily could be entered. With proper measuring pails there would be scarcely any extra trouble incurred, and the farmer would know far more about his stock than at present he usually does.



A CONTEMPORARY religious movement has inspired the serious element of "Farmer John," by George Holmes (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). The whole of the plot, its love story included, is developed from the invasion of a very primitive and old-fashioned Somersetshire village by the Heavenly Railway Company, and from the strife and excitement which ensues. The hero is introduced at the outset as an intelligent and manly young farmer, standing well with the clergyman of the place and with his neighbours of all ranks, and altogether of great local importance—in fact, the very last person who would be likely to be carried away by sensational agitation or any other sort of novelty. However, love is made to account for much, and the suggestion of a dormant hysterical tendency for a great deal more; and he closes his career as a martyr to the new cause. It is difficult to say how far the author intends peculiarity of temperament or personal influences to be concerned with his conversion: but these are constantly recognised, or at any rate suggested, and their extent is discreetly left to the reader's decision. Altogether there is a wholesome absence of psychological analysis, despite an exceptional amount of opportunity, and therefore of temptation, to indulge therein—facts and incidents being left to tell their own story, and the reader to form his own opinion. The characters are well drawn, and with highly characteristic local colouring. No doubt the subject could very easily receive far more powerful handling. But it could not easily be treated with a more fortunate combination of picturesqueness, good taste, and that lightness of touch which seldom belongs to serious topics treated seriously. "Farmer John" is a picturesque narrative, and, in spite of its subject, neither philosophy nor satire. Moreover, it will be found interesting as a mere story by those to whom its special topic is not in itself an attraction.

The interest of "A Fallen Foe," by Katharine King (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is, on the other hand, altogether of the ordinary kind. But the skill with which this interest is maintained is considerably above the average, while many of the incidental matters, such as the descriptions of Canadian society, have an amount of freshness apparently due to original observation. The characters are conventional enough, as is also the relation between a hostile heir and heiress who begin with seemingly irreconcilable hatred—at least on the heir's side—and end in the usual manner. But these conventionalities are dealt with in the simple and straightforward manner and with the constructive skill which will make the oldest stories freshly interesting for probably as long as the art of fiction endures. One conventional formality might indeed have been well dispensed with—that of introducing a pointless family prophecy into a story so completely disconnected from every suspicion of over-ruling destiny. It has rather an absurd effect to make the young man and young woman of our own time, whom a capricious testator has made parties to a Chancery suit, the unconscious agents of a perfectly needless and perfectly unimpressive prediction. But, as the scene of the story, according to another favourite convention, opens in Cornwall, it was no doubt considered necessary to give a touch of improbability to an otherwise quite sufficiently probable story—for Cornwall plays a peculiar part in fiction, as every novel reader knows, from the days of the author of "Jack the Giant Killer" to our own. Altogether, and perhaps because it so unambiguously keeps to the straight lines of fiction, "A Fallen Foe" is likely to find that favour among readers in general which its marked merits in style and construction deserve.

"Poppy," a Novel, by Mrs. Beresford (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is not a production of which, despite its tragic elements, it is possible to speak seriously. Considered as a burlesque upon fiction in general, and upon the fiction of very young ladies in particular, it is not without its merits: but even so, it would be more effective if it were confined to the absurdities of some particular school. Of course we are familiar with the story, all in the present tense, of the vulgar young woman who swings her legs from cherry trees and sits on the tops of walls, and is caught in one of these undignified positions by some no less vulgar young man who straightaway falls in love with her. It is also natural that she herself should fall in love with a muscular hero who kisses her very often and a great deal. But we are not prepared to find these favourite elements develop into a wild romance about gorgeously wicked twin Creole sisters, so like one another as to deceive the two husbands of one of them as to their identity, and, in short, into downright, almost Ouida-like tragedy. In short, the comedy of the domestic teacup grows into a very storm in both cup and saucer, as if some school-girl had caught a nightmare after reading alternate scenes of *Othello* and the *Comedy of Errors*. It is impossible to describe the nature of a plot at once so incoherent and so impossible. The only point in which it differs from frank burlesque is its freedom from humour. Had this been added, "Poppy" would have been very fair farce. Without it, we have simple nonsense which is not even amusing nonsense: and yet we dare not say it will not find sympathetic admirers.

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All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O., made payable to MESSRS. NEWHAM and CO., FEATHER PURIFIERS, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE, which, to ensure safe delivery of Goods, may be post-dated ten days. Feathers only 9d. per pound. The Trade supplied. Please mention this Journal.

A GREAT REDUCTION ON THREE OR MORE BEDS.

Extra Extra Extra Extra Extra Extra Extra Extra

Wilson's American "Extra Toast" are unquestionably the finest Biscuits the World can produce. For breakfast, lunch, tea or dessert, they are unsurpassed; with milk they are delicious; and with wine nothing equals them. They are the lightest and most crisp Biscuits ever produced. Many thousands of English Ladies and Gentlemen pronounce them the finest Biscuits ever known, and habitually use them in preference to all others. Each Biscuit is stamped Wilson's "Extra Toast". Be sure you get the genuine of leading Grocers, Confectioners, &c. David Challen, Sole Consignee, London, A. Laird, Sub-Agent, Glasgow.

Toast. Toast. Toast. Toast. Toast. Toast. Toast. Toast.

SAMUEL BROTHERS,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
BOYS' OUTFITTERS, &c.
65 & 67, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

"WEAR RESISTING"
FABRICS (REGD.) for
GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS',
AND
BOYS' CLOTHING.

GENTLEMEN'S MORNING OR TRAVELLING SUITS.

B CLASS. 42s. C CLASS. 50s.

A vast assortment ready for immediate use, or made to measure.

BOYS' OVERCOATS, 10s. 6d. to 42s.
BOYS' SUITS, 10s. 6d. to 35s.
Prices varying according to size.

THE SEEMING MYSTERY OF CHOLERA AND FEVER

THE OFFICE OF THE LIVER is to cleanse the blood as a scavenger might sweep the streets; when the liver is not working properly a quantity of effete (or waste) matter is left floating in the blood; under these circumstances should the poison germ of Cholera or Fever be absorbed, then the disease results: on the contrary, any one whose liver and other organs are in a normal or healthy condition may be subjected to precisely the same condition, as to the contagious influences, and yet escape Cholera and Fever. This I consider explains satisfactorily the seeming mystery that persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of Cholera or Fever, who, in fact, live in the midst of it, escape unscathed. Cholera and Fever may be compared to a weed (and a very ugly one too); but even weeds will not grow on solid flagstones; and what I contend for is this, that a person may be subjected to the influence of the specific poison—that is, the germ of Cholera or Fever—and not contract the disease. Why? Because his secretions were in a thoroughly normal condition, and consequently the poison could not take root any more than a weed could do on a flagstone; and, on the other hand, a person may have the soil (that is, disordered secretions, &c.), very favourable for the disease, and still he escapes. Why, because the soil was prepared, but there was no seed. Hence the importance and great value of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which, under all circumstances, keeps the secretions normal; if only as a preventive against and sure remedy for poisoned blood, biliousness, sick headaches, &c., no one ought to be without it.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

REMOVES POISONOUS MATTER caused by impure or vitiated air, errors of eating or drinking, &c., by natural means. No one is safe without having at hand some efficient means of warding off BLOOD POISONS. After a very patient and careful observation, extending over many years, of the effects of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, I have not the least hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a single travelling trunk or portmanteau would be without it.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—"We have for the last four years used your Fruit Salt during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of Fruit Salt had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or tramping through swampy districts, we have used the Fruit Salt two and three times a day. The Fruit Salt acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go in the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, Commander A. J. LOFTUS, F.R.G.S., Her Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London."

DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE. CAUTION.—Legal rights are protected in every civilised country. Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

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SETS FOR THE WRITING TABLE,
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In Polished Brass, Bronze, Silver, Ormolu
and Oxidized Silver, from 21s. to £10.
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Books, Postage Scales, Glove and Handkerchief
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Bottles, Candelabra, Card Trays.
And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese
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for TRAVELLING, with silver fittings, 45s. 6d.
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Arms, Coronet, Crest, and Address Dies,
Engraved as Gems, from original and artistic designs.
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A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly Engraved,
and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 4s. 6d.
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SYRUP is the best and surest remedy in the
world for all diseases of children, such as teething,
wind-colic, &c. It corrects the acidity of the stomach,
regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and
comfort to mother and child. Sold by all chemists at
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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
"By a thorough knowledge
of the natural laws which govern
the operations of digestion and
nutrition, and by a careful
application of the fine prop-
erties of well-selected Cocoa,
Mr. Epps has provided our
breakfast tables with a deli-
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may save us many heavy
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cious use of such articles of
diet that a constitution may be
gradually built up until strong
enough to resist every tendency
to disease. Hundreds of subtle
maladies are floating around us
ready to attack wherever there
is a weak point. We may
escape many a fatal shaft by
keeping ourselves well fortified
with pure blood and a properly
nourished frame."—Civil Service
Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk.
Packets (and tins for export, 1/2 lb. and 1 lb.) labelled
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(BREAKFAST)

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"One fourth of those suffering from dimness of
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Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and
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Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post free, including the
Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each,
50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.
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Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25,
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Gold Medal, Paris, Medals, Sydney
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FRY'S FRY'S CARACAS
COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable
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PURE COCOA ONLY.
FRY'S COCOA
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SIXTEEN PRIZE MEDALS.

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AUROLINE produces the beautiful golden
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Acres of show rooms, for the display of first-class furni-
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Having large space all goods are packed on the pre-
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MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of
BED-ROOM SUITES by
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500 BEDROOM SUITES, from
3 1/2 guineas to 200 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in pine,
5 1/2 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Ash, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand
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Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand
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BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand
fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers,
£13 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash
or Walnut, with large plate glass to Wardrobe,
Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Large Chest of
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BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid
Walnut, beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—Chippen-
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large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly
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TEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS
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From 8s. 6d. to 50 Guineas.

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Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture
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SPRING MATTRESSES.—The
Patent Wire-woven Spring Mattress.—We have
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3 ft. 3 ft. 6 in. 4 ft. 4 ft. 6 in. 5 ft.
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THE LARGEST STOCK OF
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5,000 of these in stock, some being really
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value is attached to these artistic rarities and which
are sold at commercial prices.

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100 MILES of

BEST BRUSSELS

CARPETS at 3s. 3d. per yard.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have
specially made EXTRA QUALITY BRUSSELS,
as produced thirty years ago, adapted for hardest wear
at a small increased cost. New and very choice in
design. Inspection invited.

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DESSERT SERVICES. 21s. to £10 10s.

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MAPLE and CO. offer the above
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or net cash. Thousands of Sets in Stock. Inspect
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MAPLE and CO., the Upholsterers
doing the Largest Furnishing Business in the
World, and holding the Royal Appointment to Her
Majesty, wish to inform the Public that Parcels under
7lbs. weight can now be delivered by the New Parcel
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MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to
state that this department is now so organised
that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any
article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the
same price, if not less, than any other house in England.
Patterns sent and quotations given.

MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers
of First-class Seasoned FURNITURE for
immediate shipment, the largest assortment in the
world to select from. Orders for exportation to any
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MITFORD PLACE, and BEAUMONT PLACE, W.

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LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN.
GLYKALINE,
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC, for
Curing Colds, Catarrhs, and Ailments
of the Respiratory Organs.

GLYKALINE effectually relieves
Disorders of the Mucous Membrane, so prevalent
in winter, cleanses the bronchial tubes from Mucus,
and relieves the breathing. By its use Colds are cured
in a few hours. GLYKALINE is an unprecedented
remedy in these complaints.

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"TALON ROUGE," writing in *Vanity Fair*, under
date March 27, 1877, says: "This medicine has the
valuable property of curing cold in the head. The
man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague
ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human
race. The other morning I awoke with the feeling of a
general oppression, the certain precursor of a catarrh.
I sped to the nearest chemist, and found the longed-
for remedy. Before night I was cured. It is a
colourless, tasteless fluid, called GLYKALINE." The
unsolicited correspondent of *Vanity Fair* bears testi-
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of an hour, will certainly cure the most obstinate of
colds. He writes disinterestedly, "desiring," as he
says, "only to make known the healing properties of
GLYKALINE, and so to confer a boon on the suffering
human race."

GLYKALINE is the surest and
speediest Remedy for relieving all who suffer
from obstructed breathing. In bottles, 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d.,
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Full directions with each bottle.

NEURALINE,
THE APPROVED SPECIFIC,
For Curing and instantly relieving Toothache, Neu-
ralgia, and Pains in the Nerves.

NEURALINE is known as a reliable
specific in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, and
Sciatica. It relieves often INSTANTANEOUSLY, and will
be found invaluable to all who are afflicted with
these disorders.

NEURALINE seldom fails to give
relief. It is in demand throughout the world.
As a sure specific against Nerve Pains it is deservedly
celebrated, a single application (in many cases) perma-
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the following letter from Mr. Edgar, of Butt Light-
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It proved the most successful REMEDY SHE HAD
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instantaneous."

NEURALINE is sold by all Chemists, in bottles,
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AN APPROVED APPLICATION FOR
Preserving the Hands, the Skin, and Lips from Rough-
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AUROSINE quickly removes Chaps,
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beautifully smooth; imparts suppleness, whiteness,
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the skin or impairing the pores, but, on the contrary,
AUROSINE is pleasant to use, agreeable in perfume,
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TURE, OR LIQUID DENTIFRICE,
The Best Preparation for the Teeth and Gums.
This elegant and approved preparation may be used
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much esteemed, and is in increasing demand. It effec-
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For Liver Derangement, Indigestion, and Constipa-
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Headache, Derangement of the Liver, Biliousness, and
Nausea. It promotes healthy action in the stomach,
removes dullness and depression, with a feeling of
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while in Indigestion and Constipation it stands un-
rivalled. Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1/2d. and
2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

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THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE HAIR.

By the use of this Oil, not only is the Hair nourished
and its natural appearance improved, but decay and
weakness are arrested, the growth excited, and the
judicial influences eradicated. It is proportionately
welcome to all who complain of their Hair falling off, as
OZONISED OIL distinctly and speedily strengthens
the fibre, while merely requiring to be well brushed into
the roots. The New Preparation is NOT A DYE, and
may be unhesitatingly used. Sold in bottles, 1s., 1s. 6d.,
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ODONTALGIC ESSENCE
A Liquid Stopping for Decayed Teeth. It is
applied on wool, and hardens in the cavity. This liquid
stopping, when it hardens, protects the exposed nerve
from cold or from any foreign substance, and while
giving security and ease, causes no inconvenience. This
Essence cures Toothache, and makes mastication possi-
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WORM POWDERS.
Specially prepared from Chenopodium Anthel-
minticum. These powders are suitable both for
expelling Worms, especially the smaller kinds, which
are the pests of young children. Intestinal worms of
larger dimensions are effectually removed by these
Powders, and both adults and young children have
found speedy relief by the use of them. The appetite
and general health greatly improve, no nausea is caused,
and they are in no way dangerous. Directions with each
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PHOSPHO-MURIATE of Quinine.
SPECIALLY PREPARED
FOR GENERAL DEBILITY.

This reliable Specific possesses numerous importan-
features. It removes Lassitude, braces the system,
relieves Headache, tranquillises the Sleep, soothes the
Temper, strengthens the Memory, equalises the Spirits,
and this is a corrective of Nervousness, Excitement,
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bottle. 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 3d.,
3s., and 5s.

THE NEW TOILET REQUISITE.

DORÉ'S TRANSPARENT SOAP.
We have succeeded in bringing this Soap to per-
fection. As a Soap there is nothing superior. It is
perfectly pure, as free as possible from soda, producing
in use a soft white creamy lather, most agreeable to
the skin, is perfectly soluble in the hardest water,
washing or shaving with it is a luxury. A single trial
will convince any one that we have said no more con-
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Boxes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. each, containing three cakes
each. The above articles obtainable from all Chemists
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LEATH and ROSS,
HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
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SUPERIOR BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

TO LADIES.

Egerton Burnett's
Pure Wool Best Dye Black
Serges, as supplied by him
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great demand. A variety
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who have a preference for
black shawl write for pat-
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"LANGTRY" INVISIBLE HAIR
CURLER.

The Simplest, Quickest, and
most effective curling device ever
made. Cannot break or get out of
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Sample box sent on receipt of 7 or
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CAUTION.—The genuine only
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Premiums. Bonus allowed to Insurers after Five
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or 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, or at the
Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London.—W. J. VIAN, Sec.

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Prize Medals, London, Paris,
and Philadelphia. Damp and
Dust Proof, 18-carat cases, ad-
justed and compensated for all
climates 10s. 10s., £14 14s., and
£25 Ladies, £27 10s., £30 10s., and
£38 10s. In Silver Cases for
Ladies or Gentlemen, £5 5s.,
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MAKERS and MILLINERS TRAVEL to ALL
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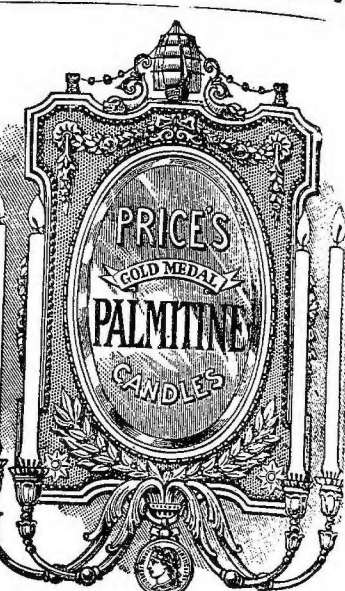
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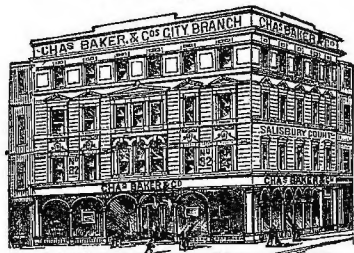
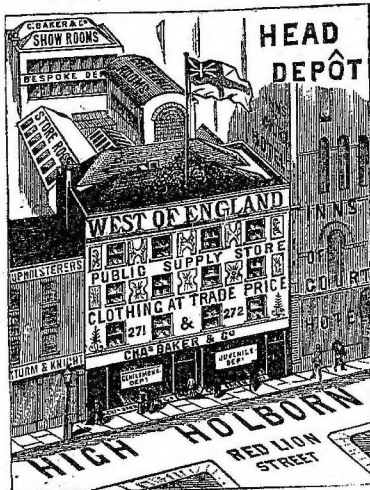
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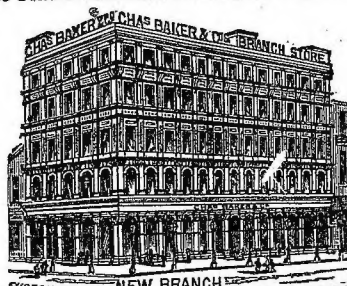
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PATTERNS OF CLOTH, with easy Self-Measurement Forms, sent post-free to any part of the world.

For the convenience of our Colonial and Foreign Customers, all other goods, as well as Clothing, will be sent out to them at Wholesale Trade Price from the Export Department.

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137 & 138 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
(Corner of Euston Road).HOSIERY, SHIRTS, HATS,
BOOTS ETC.
AT TRADE PRICE
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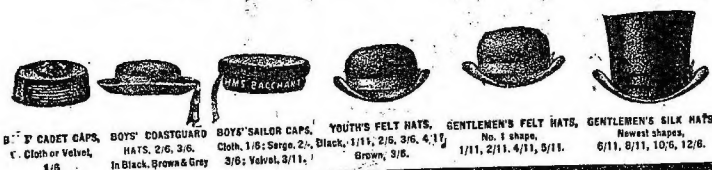
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SCHOOL OUTFITS are supplied complete, at least 25 per Cent. under usual London prices.

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24/9, 29/6, 39/6.
To Order,
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SUITS.
8/11, 10/9,
12/11, 16/11,
19/11, 24/6.BOYS'
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SUITS.
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12/11, 14/11.BOYS'
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10/9, 14/11,
16/11, 19/11.BOYS'
CAPE
OVERCOATS
5/11, 6/11,
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12/11, 14/11.BOYS'
JERSEY
SUIT.
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Cap included.BOYS'
NORFOLK
SUITS.
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19/11, 24/6."ROYAL NAVY"
SUIT.
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These can be had
with Trousers or
Knickerbockers.YOUTHS'
OVERCOATS.
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To Order,
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29/6, 39/6.
To Order,
39/6, 49/6.GENTLEMEN'S
TWEED SUITS
18/11, 24/6,
29/6, 39/6.
To Order,
39/6, 49/6.GENTLEMEN'S
TWEED SUITS
18/11, 24/6,
29/6, 39/6.
To Order,
39/6, 49/6.**HATS AT TRADE PRICE.**

BOYS' CADET CAPS, BOYS' COASTGUARD HATS, BOYS' SAILOR CAPS, YOUTHS' FELT HATS, GENTLEMEN'S FELT HATS, GENTLEMEN'S SILK HATS.

WINTER HOSIERY AT TRADE PRICE.

Gentlemen's Half-Hose,	1/10, 1/11, 1/12	MERINO.	1/10, 1/11, 1/12	LAMBSWOOL.	1/10, 1/11, 1/12
Pants & Drawers,	1/11, 1/12, 1/13	1/11, 1/12, 1/13	1/11, 1/12, 1/13	1/11, 1/12, 1/13	1/11, 1/12, 1/13
Under Vests,	1/11, 1/12, 1/13	1/11, 1/12, 1/13	1/11, 1/12, 1/13	1/11, 1/12, 1/13	1/11, 1/12, 1/13

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LIBERTY'S UMRITZA CASHMERE.—This exquisite and fashionable material can now be had in a constantly changing variety of rare colours.

LIBERTY'S UMRITZA CASHMERE is made in two qualities. Price 21s. and 25s. per piece of 9 yards, 26 inches wide.

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LIBERTY'S UMRITZA CASHMERE is soft and warm, and can only be obtained at LIBERTY'S London House or their accredited Agents.

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16 inches square, 1s. 6d. each, 8s. 6d. per box of six colours, as required.

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34 inches square, 7s. 6d. each, 42s. per box of six colours, as required, printed.

Messrs. Liberty and Co. beg to state, to avoid mistakes, that all their ART- COLOURED HANDKERCHIEFS now bear their special registered LOTUS BRAND.



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